Week ending January 27 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

PEACE-OR THIRD GREAT WAR?

by A. G. Gardiner

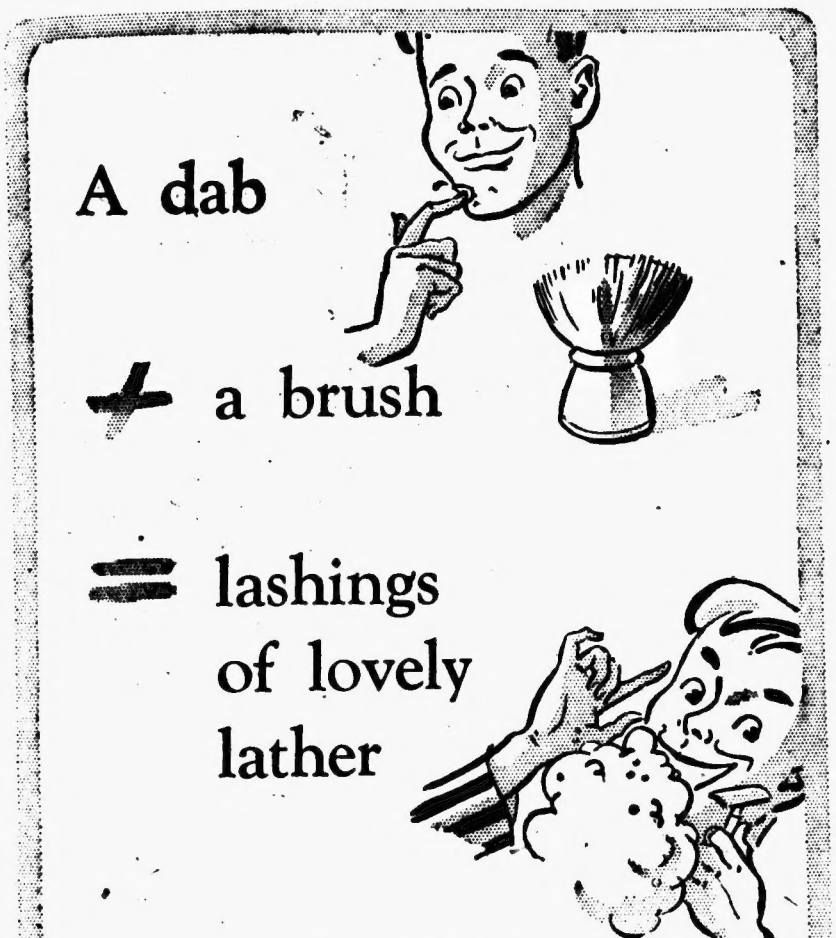
MORE BLACK MARKET DISCLOSURES

See Centre Pages

A dab

+ a brush

= lashings of lovely lather



Shavallo not only turns a penance into a pleasure, but it's so remarkably economical. Just a dab on the face (never dip the brush into the jar) whips up immediately into a full, rich, bristle-softening lather. You'll be surprised, too, how soothed and refreshed Shavallo leaves the skin afterwards.

IN POTS 1/3 AND 2/3

SV 136-414

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.10

Cadbury quality—and no points

FOOD FACTS

When your child is 5

The day your five-year-old exchanges his green ration book for a blue one, sit down and make a new food plan for him.

He will now get, for the first time, an adult ration of meat. He will probably be having his mid-day meal at school, and so will enjoy the school's special food allowance.

He gets half a pint of milk at home — this is more than the grown-ups' share — and either one-third or two-thirds of a pint at school. So, most days, he still has five-sixths of a pint or more.

He no longer gets his orange juice and cod liver oil, but now that he has all his teeth and eats the same kind of meals as the rest of the family, see that he gets the necessary vitamins in the same way as they do — from green vegetables, milk, margarine, dried eggs, etc.

Instead of Orange Juice

The next best thing to orange juice is a helping of shredded raw green vegetables or some raw turnip and swede, thinly sliced or chopped when in season. Try giving these shredded vegetables to the children in the form of sandwiches, as a salad or garnish, or stirred into a soup or stew immediately before you serve it.

The best vegetables for this purpose are cabbage, sprouts, watercress or chopped parsley.

Remember also the Rose Hip Syrup and Blackcurrant Purée sold by chemists for schoolchildren.

One of these alternatives should be given to children every day as well as properly cooked green vegetables (see leaflet 'How to Cook a Cabbage').

PLANNING THE CHILD'S POINTS

Use nearly all the **points coupons** in the children's books for **body-building** and protective foods: tinned milk, meats and fish. Buy **oily fish** such as herrings, sardines and pilchards. They have a high food value and are rich in Vitamin A. You can save points on breakfast cereals by occasionally giving the children wheat mealies. These are made by cutting ½ inch-thick slices of stale bread into ½ inch-squares. Bake in a slow oven until brown and crisp. Store in a tin. Serve ½ to 1 cupful to each child with milk and sugar.

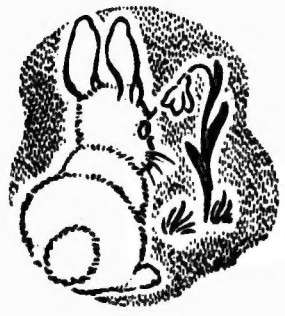
Free leaflets

If you would like to know more about planning meals for children from one year upwards, send a post-card for "*How to Plan Meals for Children*," giving the ages of your own children. Address: Ministry of Food (Dept. 625L), Food Advice Division, Portman Court, Portman Square, London, W.1.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS. & FRI. at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 219

RUSTLE OF SPRING..



After five years of Winter as far as domestic radio sets are concerned, the first sign of Spring comes in the 'Industry' set, which is now in the dealers'. We at EKCO have always taken pride in our individuality—and will again—but this "combined" production will help out those people who need a new radio now.

EKCO

RADIO

SNAPS FROM THE KODAK DAY NURSERY

There's never a tear (well, hardly ever) at the nursery of the Kodak factory, where youngsters like these spend contented days while their mothers lend a hand on vital war production of 'Kodak' film and equipment. Trained nurses, bright rooms, a garden playground, plenty of good things to eat, lots of playmates—no wonder the children look happy and well.

By freeing thousands of mothers from domestic cares, nurseries like this have done much to help mobilise Britain's woman-power.

F.23x

CABINET SECRET

"What's this in the medicine cabinet?"

"*Sylvan. I'm saving it for these new pyjamas of mine.*"

"Sylvan Flakes! How ever long have you had them?"

"*Since last week.*"

"Don't be silly, you can't buy Sylvan now. You're lucky if you can even get ordinary soap flakes."

"*I really shouldn't tell you, but you can get Sylvan quite often if you ask for it by name. If you just say 'soap flakes' you won't get Sylvan.*"

"So that's how you do it. No wonder your things always look like a débutante's."

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

SOFF

Pay your debt to him

He's part of Britain's biggest fighting force — the Army. He's doing a wonderful job of work, he's giving everything to win peace for you and yours. You can help to relieve the hardships that his war service has caused to him and his dependants.

Support the Army Benevolent Fund. You can hand your donation over the counter at any Bank in the British Isles. Put your hand deep into your pocket and give wholeheartedly.

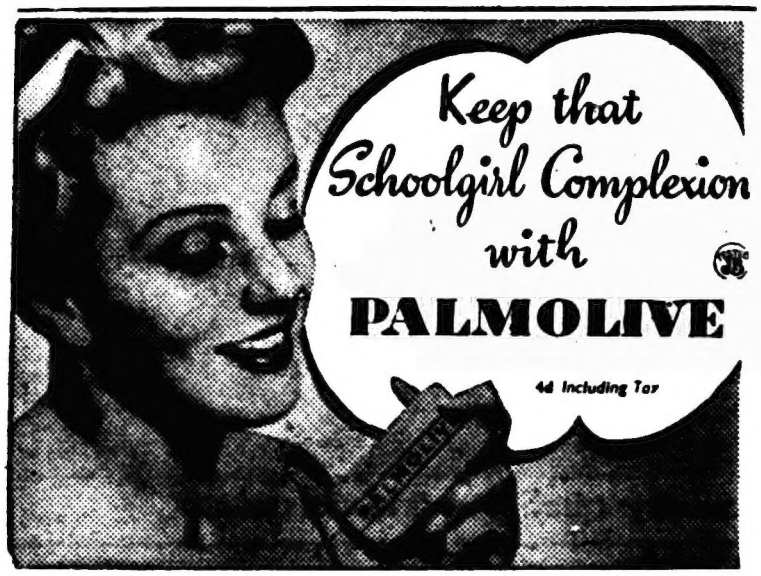
★ *The Army Benevolent Fund, by grants to Military Charities, helps them to give relief wherever needed to men and women of all sections of the Army and their dependants.*

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

PATRON H.M. THE KING

20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1



How much is your Child's life worth?

Diphtheria is a deadly disease—one of childhood's most cruel enemies. Immunisation has been proved to be a powerful defence against diphtheria. Surely every child has a right to be as safe as it can possibly be?

Yet four million children in this country have not yet been immunised. They are running terrible, unnecessary risks—every day. Why? Is it carelessness? Or just forgetfulness? Or don't the parents know?

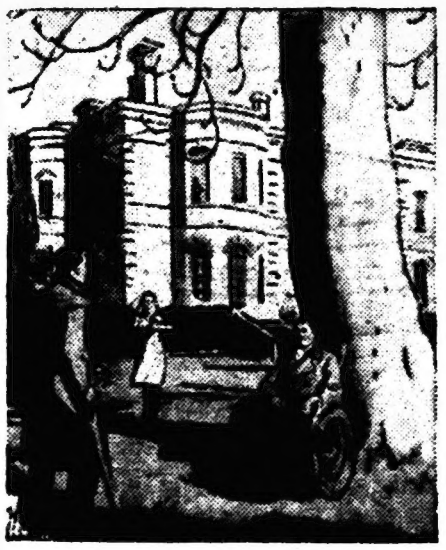
If your child is not one of the six million children who have been protected, see that it is immunised without any more delay! Young lives are precious. Immunisation is free. It is safe, simple and a proved safeguard.

Apply to the Council Offices, Welfare Centre or School.

Immunisation —the proved safeguard

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

G2/5

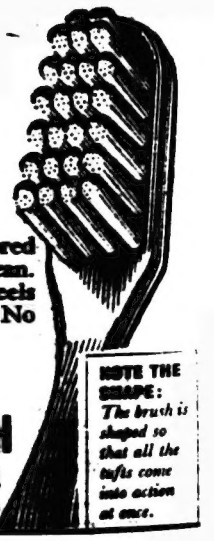


When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen because it is so nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives. Horlicks also goes to hospitals, factories, and mines. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Brisker, fresher teeth-cleaning with a *Wisdom*



THIS is the Wisdom Toothbrush. Its anchored Nylon tufts give your teeth a brisker clean. Your teeth are really cleaner, your mouth feels fresher, after the tonic touch of Wisdom. No wonder Wisdoms are in such demand.

Wisdom TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS THREE ORDINARY BRISTLE BRUSHES

Made by Addis Ltd., makers of the first toothbrush in 1780

nuary 27 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2015 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

HOLDING US TO RANSOM

Now WE KNOW where we stand. It is to be a fight between the nation and a small minority of employers.

The Minister of Health has asked the building industry what part it will take in providing the houses that we so desperately need.

Mr. Charles Boot, president of the Federation of Master Builders, answers that it will take no part except on two conditions:

Rents must go up. There must be a subsidy.

Mr. Boot has more to say. He makes it plain, indeed, that the Diehards he represents are determined to go the whole hog.

Temporary houses? Prefabricated houses? They are "entirely unnecessary." They might detract from the profits of the private builders!

Wages? Well, we can guess what the plight of the workers will be if Mr. Boot and his friends succeed in bludgeoning the State into surrender.

He talks of "the shocking demoralisation of labour." He attacks the bonus system.

He says it will take a long time to organise the industry. In the meantime, presumably, tens of thousands of families must continue to live in the misery described • on page seven.

Finally, he demands the slackening of Government control and a "free hand" for the employers.

THAT IS THE challenge. The Government should answer in these terms:

No group of individuals will be allowed to profit by the nation's hardships and dictate a rise in rents.

No onslaught on the wage system will be tolerated.

The prefabrication muddle, which has existed since the Portal steel house was dumped on the scrap-heap, will be ended by the placing of large orders for other types.

If the building industry fails to co-operate in the provision of permanent new houses, then those houses will be built by direct labour—and the master builders can go hang.

The Editor

TEARING HOLES IN GERMANY

Mr. Churchill Withdraws. Herbert Morrison Farm Chief. Coal Pits' Absurdity. Triumph for Mr. Bevin. Col. Llewellin Doesn't Know. Women for the Far East

THESE ARE MOMENTOUS DAYS. A Russian offensive of unprecedented ferocity has torn great gaps in the Nazi's eastern defences, and a wall of fire stretches down across Europe from the Baltic to Yugoslavia.

The gentry who were starting to suggest that it was time the Russians opened a Second Front were promptly silenced.

Through the Back Wall

After the first ten days of this gigantic broadside here is the position:

The Volkssturm, the Nazi Home Guard, is in action along the Silesian frontier. Red Army rifle butts are thumping on the back wall of inner Germany.

With the fall of Lodz and Cracow little of Poland will remain in enemy hands.

At the two extremes of this enormous battleline East Prussia is being outflanked, and Konisberg, home of the Junkers, is being by-passed, while, to the south, Budapest is now offering no more than a token resistance.

Von Manstein in Charge

The critical problem facing the Soviet generals is the depth and strength of the Nazi defences in Silesia.

Is there an eastern inner defence line? The Germans say there is, and there are indications that they are withdrawing troops from the west in order to man it.

It is significant that the German general in charge is Fritz von Manstein. The Nazis have dubbed him their master of retreat.

He has had plenty of practice. He led the retreat through the Ukraine. His boast was that he could retreat without losing men. In fact, he had terrible losses.

To-day he no longer has space in which to deploy his armies; he is about to fight on German soil. His textbooks will not help him there, for the Germans have previously picked their battlegrounds elsewhere.

The Next Offensive

ON THE WESTERN FRONT the limited British attack is going well in vile conditions.

The bulge in the American lines is now nearly ironed out, and von Rundstedt has lost heavily in the process.

Mr. Churchill left no doubt that the Allies are gaining momentum and massing materials for a major attack in the west.

Hitler will then be faced with what he dreaded—an attack on both sides.

But in that he dislocated the Allied timetable, Von Rundstedt achieved something by his recent counter-offensive.

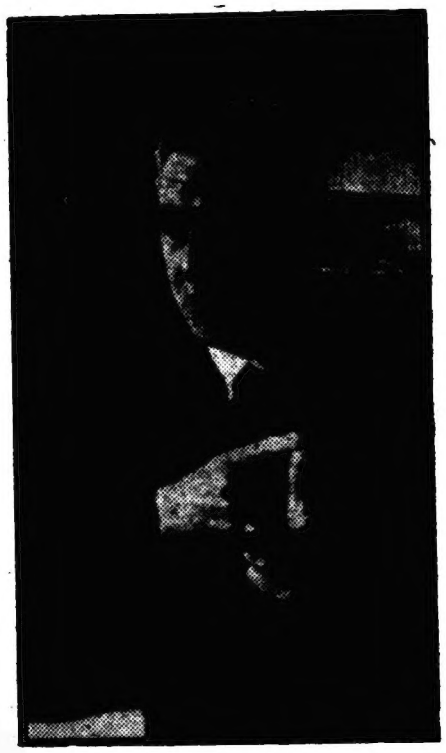
Mr. Churchill's Move

ONE PASSAGE IN Mr. Churchill's speech is now being widely discussed—his suggestion that the terms following an unconditional surrender might not be quite so severe as the enemy had been led to expect.

So it seems that Mr. Churchill is slowly moving away from his uncompromising allegiance to the unconditional surrender extremists.

JOHN BULL has systematically maintained that this unqualified "Unconditional Surrender" slogan was calculated to harden the enemy's resistance. It has been bad politics, and bad psychology.

So Mr. Churchil should hasten his retreat from a negative policy that could only make the enemy desperate—and advance to a positive policy that might shorten the war.



Sir Walter Citrine is seeing Greece on behalf of Labour. Next month he'll be busier still

Triumph for Bevin

THE GREEK DEBATE obscured an important Parliamentary event—the successful Second Reading of Ernest Bevin's Bill which will set up wage councils throughout all industries.

It will mean the end of "sweated" wage conditions.

Significantly, none of the old Tory rearguard dared openly to oppose it, unlike the Catering Bill, when they came out in the open.

The Bill was backed by leading members of all Parties and it was known that the Prime Minister was behind it.

No Snap Election

Herbert Butcher is that awkward thing, a Liberal National. This means that his political future is one vast question-mark.

In the debate after Mr. Churchill's speech he spoke confidently of the forthcoming election as if it would occur in the next three months.

JB insurance

"A GREAT HELP IN GETTING ANOTHER HOME TOGETHER,"

writes a London reader in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS, in addition to PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE underwritten at Lloyd's.

This idea is widespread. It shouldn't be. It is promised that there will be no snap election, and that 38 days' notice will be given of the Government's intentions.

At the earliest, following Attlee's recent statement, it could not be before the middle of June, and as much later as the war situation may dictate No, Mr. Butcher's seat is safe for many months to come.

Labour's Eyes

SIR WALTER CITRINE is now in Greece with some colleagues of the Trade Union General Council; he made the journey at short notice, leaving his routine work unfinished.

His visit is the direct result of the Labour Party's deputation to the Prime Minister last Monday week. The authenticity of the trade union voices then being raised in Athens was questioned, and Sir Walter was invited to go and see things on Labour's behalf.

Other members of the delegation in Greece are George H. Bagnall, of the Wool and Textile Workers; George Chester, of the Boot and Shoe Union; John Benstead, of the N.U.R.; and Ernest Bell, of the T.U.C. International Department.

Now Mr. Eden has wisely suggested that the party of M.P.s at present in Italy—Capt. Bellinger and Jack Lawson are there among others—should go on to Greece.

They'll be Busy

The T.U.C. delegation will need to get back to London as urgently as possible.

They will be busy next month with the very important meeting of the International Trade Union Conference, which opens in London on February 6.

World trade unionism already possesses an organisation—the International Federation of Trade Unions—and its restoration will be one of the biggest post-war problems of the progressive bodies.

Mr. Morrison on the Farm

HERBERT MORRISON, who is now transferring from Hackney to East Lewisham, has just spent three days touring farms in Surrey and Hampshire.

He needed the break from ministerial work, for he is one of the hardest worked of all the Cabinet members.

The idea of the trip originated with Tom Williams, Joint Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture. Williams realised that Mr. Morrison, as Home Secretary, has to sign all Bills and State papers on agriculture, for he is Minister of Agriculture—among other things—for Ulster, so far as the House of Commons is concerned.

Hence the trip, designed to give the Home Secretary some first-hand farm knowledge.

Wonderful Ways!

THE WAYS OF COLLIERY managers are sometimes truly weird and wonderful. I have just received the inside story of a stoppage up at Wombwell which lost 1,000 tons of coal.

This is the story: After four years or more in the Army a young man named R. Ogden was invalided out, having lost a finger of his left hand through a bullet wound.

He went back to his old work, tramming tubs of dirt and loads of timber

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

on the surface at the Houghton Main colliery.

He then found he was being paid 2s. 3d. per shift less than other men doing the same work. An afternoon stoppage followed.

When the Regional Controller was called in the man's loss of pay was promptly refunded.

No Bathrooms

MOST PEOPLE have been so busy discussing the urgent housing problems, particularly in the bomb-damaged areas of the south-east, that the deplorable condition of housing in Scotland has largely been overlooked.

Tom Johnson recently stated in Parliament that before the war half the inhabitants of Glasgow lived in tenements with no bathroom and with outside sanitation.

Conditions are now worse.

The story of housing conditions in Scotland has been a grim one ever since the Industrial Revolution first started the grimy slums.

Too many Southerners look at the slotted streets around Edinburgh Castle and consider them picturesque. They forget how grim they are to live in.

Meet the Navy

I HAVE LITTLE or no time for the theatre these days, but a new musical show which opens at the London Hippodrome next week seems to be unusually interesting.

It is called "Meet the Navy," and most of its cast of 115 Service people are amateurs. All are members of the Royal Canadian Navy.

The cast, of course, draws normal Service pay. The girls, on the stage, wear nylon stockings; once through the pass door they revert to Service issues only.

The nylons are locked up in a special box.

Stand-Down

THIS COMING WEEK sees the official stand-down of the vast army of part-time firemen and firewomen who have been a feature of London's life during these last few years.

They have done a tremendous job of work, often under the worst possible conditions, sometimes when tired out from long hours at the bench or in the office.

They have earned a rest.

If the emergency returns they, along with all the other unsung workers of the home front, the Home Guards, and the others, will be as keen as ever to get back to duty.

Good for Landlords

I HAVE JUST BEEN reading of Westminster City Council's admirable plan for building a new estate of modern flats. It will be a big affair—there will be 2,635 flats—and the sites are to be compulsorily acquired.

So far, so good. But better is to come—for the landlords.

The cost of building will be £1,786,000. But the cost of buying-out the landlords will be £2,347,000, which will account for nearly three-fifths of the rents.

Quite a nice illustration, I think, of the intolerable mess our land situation is in.

Shades of Uthwatt!

BUT IT'S NO USE blaming the landlords. Human nature being what it it, of course they will take all they can get.

The trouble is that the Government is afraid to tackle the problem. I won't tell you again how long it is since the Uthwatt Commission made its proposals for reform that would enable the housing problem to be solved on a basis fair both to the public and the ground landlords.

But the Government is still apparently too afraid of the big landlords to accept the recommendations.

Young Duffy's Excuse

FOR MANY YEARS now, particularly in the pre-war days when I made a point not to miss a big fight, I have been collecting the sayings of defeated boxers.

To-day I suggest that young Ben Duffy deserves immortality for the brightest excuse ever advanced since the days of bare knuckles.

Most unexpectedly beaten by a human hairpin named Danny Woods, the promising Duffy said morosely: "It must have been those fried potatoes I ate in the afternoon."

Is He Too Confident?

Duffy need not worry unduly. He is one of the most promising discoveries of recent years. Not long ago he had the temerity to knock out world champion Jackie Paterson.

Woods, his unexpected conqueror last week, is about 6 ft. high and weighs a mere 9 st. He reminded me of that wonderful Panama Kid of the long ago, Al Brown.

Six footers at this weight seldom go very far. By trade Woods is a Clydeside riveter.

Duffy is a sailor. Since beating Paterson he has fought with tremendous dash and confidence—perhaps too much confidence.

Gratuities for Servicemen

THE GOVERNMENT HAS now decided on the rates of gratuities which will be paid on demobilisation.

A private with five years' service is expected to be awarded something between £25 and £30.

It always seemed to me that gratuities at the end of the last war were disproportionate, and that more could have been given to Other Ranks.

Last time, for instance, a sergeant received £8 for his first 12 months' of service, a second-lieutenant £35. This increased to £370 in the case of a lieutenant-general.

A private received £5 for the same period. All these bonuses were given regardless of whether the service was home or overseas.

The Colonel Went Wrong

THE PRIZE FOR the most inaccurate statement of the week must surely go to Food Minister Colonel Llewellin.

He blandly told Parliament that there was no large black market in Britain and that the number of offences had been greatly exaggerated.

If he had said the number of convictions he would have been right. The number of infringements which get away with it are legion. Food is only a small part of the market.

Expert opinion, I understand, is that the racket is on the increase. The whole subject is being minutely examined by Our Special Commissioner, whose second article on the subject appears in JOHN BULL this week.

Mice in the Ministry

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, anyway, has a very different problem on its hands at the moment.

For, believe it or not, the Ministry's head office in London is at the moment fighting a serious battle—against mice!

Situated in a converted block of luxury flats, the Ministry now has a larger mouse than human population. The vermin have been appearing in increasing numbers in recent weeks.

Experts have been called in and department heads have the situation in hand.

I suggest that mice are only trying to get their own back.

Food Front Queries

TWO POINTS ON THE food front demand more attention than they are getting at the moment.

One is the increase in foot-and-mouth disease throughout the country. The other is the complete and compulsory collection and cooking of household scraps for animal feeding.

The two points are related, for foot-and-mouth disease is largely due to the use of uncooked swill.

Potato Shortage

To-day potatoes may no longer be used for feeding livestock, so the needs of the pig and poultry-keeper are greater than ever. The necessary animal food can be produced, according to experts, from household waste.

All local municipalities should be ordered to collect and process swill and its purchase price should be lowered to help the small poultry-keeper.

No Luxury Here

Meanwhile, more details are being published of the national diets of Britain, the United States and Canada.

They show that war time Britain has a more spartan and less appetising diet than the other two countries—as though the housewife had any doubt on the point.

On average, fifty pounds more meat per head per year is eaten in the U.S. and Canada than in Britain.

These facts should stop some of the criticisms they have been making in the insular Middle West, where it is sometimes fashionable to imagine that Britain lives in the lap of Lease-Lend luxury.

About Your Vote

THE LATEST REFORM BILL in British history has now passed the committee stage. It is the sixth in the great line of legislation which started in the decisive year 1832.

Among other things, it is producing one of the biggest printing problems of recent times. A new electoral register has to be drawn up, and the printing involved is enormous.

In peace time the Stationery Office could handle these things on its own. To-day, scores of outside plants have to be enlisted. The bottleneck is already so serious that it is now almost impossible to place a big printing order unless you happen to own your own plant.

Women Go East

HUNDREDS OF MEMBERS of the Women's Voluntary Services are going to Burma, to run clubs and canteens for the "forgotten" men of the 14th Army.

Excellent. The W.V.S. has done fine work in a hundred directions on the home front already.

The need of people like this in the Far East is acute. Only this week I received a letter from a number of sergeants out in Burma telling of hopelessly bad welfare conditions and bad travelling facilities for leave in India.

Was Lord Munster Awake?

These men, who had been through the jungle fighting, complained that their food allowance while on leave was so low that it only allowed them to buy one small meal a day in expensive India, unless they could find a Service canteen.

And in the 800 miles between Calcutta and Delhi they found one!

They had to make the journey travelling third-class in a verminous carriage—this although they held second-class tickets.

All European civilians travelled second-class or better.

About Lord Munster's conducted tour, they were openly cynical. To be any good, they said, he should have dressed as a private British soldier and travelled on his own.

Those are only some of the complaints. Unhappily, there are thousands making them.

Argument

SHOULD HITLER HANG?

Reports of "differences" among the War Crimes Commission focus thought on this problem: Should we kill Hitler?

for

1. A man who murders another pays with his life. Hitler has murdered millions, and as he boasts his supreme control, he must accept full responsibility for German war crimes.

2. Probably some 10,000,000 innocent civilians have perished as the result of his orders. If crime on this scale goes unpunished by anything but death, justice does not exist.

3. Under Nazi law, the courts are bound to find a prisoner guilty, *even though he has broken no existing law*, if they consider his acts harmful. Let us try Hitler under his own code.

4. Hitler has ordered the extermination of the Jewish people. Race-murder is a crime so colossal that the only penalty is death.

5. Hitler alive after the war would become a focus for rallying all the forces that would aim at making future wars.

against

1. Hitler condoned murder and torture almost as freely before the war as during it, but before 1939 many prominent personages in this and other countries openly supported him. Do they rank as accomplices?

2. If Hitler is tried in public, his defence, doubtless first-class oratory, will become a dangerous legend.

3. There is no international law under which a conquering Power can execute the head of a vanquished State. Laws made to order after the event to fit a special case destroy the whole basis of law.

4. If Hitler knows that he will die, why should he not slaughter prisoners and hostages when defeat is certain? Which do you want most—Hitler's death, or the safe return of innocent captives?

5. The myth of Hitler's martyrdom and death would be a source of evil for ever.

PEACE—OR THIRD GREAT WAR?

If the Big Three prove big enough, they can abolish war. If they fail, civilisation will perish. That is why their meeting will be the most momentous in history. Will they seize the chance to plan a new world?

by A. G. GARDINER

THE STAGE IS SET for the most momentous meeting in history. President Roosevelt has struck the keynote in his mpressive Inaugural. Rundstedt's great amble in the West has collapsed. The ussian tidal wave is rolling irresistibly across he plains of Poland into Germany. The uropean war has reached its final, inexorble phase. We turn to the future.

What is the governing thought that should ossess the Big Three in their deliberations? It that this is civilisation's last chance of survival nd that no price can be too high to seize it.

The old world is in ruins and can never be constructed on the old pattern. It is in ruins ecause it rested on a volcano. And the only ay in which it can be rebuilt without falling into ins again is to get rid of the volcano.

It can be done on one condition—that there the will to do it. It is in the power of the Big hree to set that will in motion. If they give the ad and subordinate every consideration to it all he world will follow.

They Can Abolish War or Civilisation

Two World Wars in one generation have ught it that civilised life on the top of a volcano no longer possible.

War and civilisation could in some sort coist in the past. They cannot co-exist in the resence of the mighty, mechanical forces which cience has placed at the disposal of mankind for s use or destruction.

If those forces are not controlled civilisation ust perish. If they are controlled war will erish.

This is the stark challenge that confronts he world to-day and it is in the power of the Big hree to make the choice. If they hang solutely together, they can abolish war. If ey fall asunder, they abolish civilisation.

There is no compromise between these alteratives. The volcano can be extinguished, but s terrors cannot be lessened. They will grow om more to more. They will grow by what they ed on.

Even in the twenty years between the first orld War and the second they have been insified beyond all reckoning. The first war left urope structurally intact. The second is leaving a heap of ruins. The first was fought by rmies. The second has engulfed whole nations every nation—everybody.

The next will not begin where the second aves off. It will out-distance it in horror as the cond has out-distanced the first.

For in the interval, if the volcano is not put ut, every activity of mankind and of science will e directed to making it more terrible.

These are obvious reflections, but they need be stressed at this time, for they should conitute the atmosphere in which the conference ould meet. If it does not start from the proosition that it is the life or death of civilisation hat is at stake it might as well not meet at all.

Victory is only Half the Battle

There is another fundamental fact which ould be emphasised. I have said that the olcano can be put out. That is indisputable.

The end of the war will leave the Big Three, ritain, Russia and the United States, not merely he most powerful nations on earth, but, collecively, with a complete monopoly of power.

On the sea, in the air and on the land alike heir supremacy will be unchallenged. With ermany and Japan defeated and disarmed there ill be no shadow of military menace over the lobe.

The world will be a clean slate on which the ig Three, in co-operation with their Allies, can rite the destiny of mankind anew.

They can liquidate the volcano. They can outlaw war as an instrument of policy for ever. They can dedicate their power to the policing of the world against any bandit nation that seeks to break the peace. They can establish the reign of law over the whole earth.

British troops on the Western Front bear their hardships smilingly. But their sacrifices will be in vain unless the Big Three accept the stark challenge which confronts the whole world

This is the policy they are, severally and collectively, committed to. It is the cause for which we are fighting. Victory in this war and the defeat and disarmament of Germany and Japan are only means to that end.

If we destroy Germany and Japan without destroying the gospel of war we shall have fought in vain. We shall have got a respite, but not a reprieve. We shall have survived the eruption, but we shall not have extinguished the volcano.

Prologue to the Greatest Adventure

It is well that on the eve of this momentous meeting these things should be emphasised. We are no longer in doubt about the issue of the war. The hopes of the enemy that there will come a breach in the Grand Alliance that will give them a loophole of escape are doomed to disappointment.

But the war is only the prologue to the greatest adventure on which mankind has ever embarked. If we are to reach our goal Britain, Russia and America must hang together as inflexibly in building the New Order as we stand in destroying the Satanic powers of the Old Order.

There are evil influences at work and grave dangers ahead that, unless stamped out now, may well bedevil the peace and create precisely those divisions in the future which the enemy have exploited in the past.

Even with the war still unfinished, we have seen in recent weeks a revival in America of the anti-British and anti-Russian propaganda. We are accused of playing "power politics" in Italy and in Greece, and Russia is charged with using the war for her aggrandisement in Europe.

Japan Murdered Isolationism

Many of the scares, as Mr. Roosevelt has said, are "Made in Germany," and they are certainly a godsend to Goebbels.

In spite of this, I do not think there is any serious ground to fear that the United States will desert the peace this time as she did last time. Japan alone is the security against that. Thanks to Japan, Isolationism is not a cock that will ever fight again.

Proof of this is supplied by the remarkable declaration of Senator Vandenberg, the Republican leader in the Senate, and formerly a stalwart Isolationist, whose insistence on America taking her full share in organising the post-war world is as emphatic as Wendell Willkie's used to be.

Moreover, President Roosevelt is more adroit in handling his difficult country than President Wilson was. He gives the impression of following the lead of public opinion rather than the other way about, and gets his way while seeming to bow to the country's will.

He is an astute politician as well as a great statesman, and with him in the saddle for the peace, we need not fear that the catastrophe of 1919 will be repeated.

Only a Wise Peace Can Save Us

The meeting of the Big Three will cleanse the air of the vapours of suspicion that cloud the relations and purposes of the principals.

It should clarify the thought of the world on the vast problems of post-war policy—the permanent disarmament of the criminal Powers, the administration of their countries, the methods of retribution, the plans for collective security, the schemes for economic recovery, the territorial adjustments, to name only a few of the issues that will arise.

If these questions are faced in the great spirit of statesmen called on to build a new world on the ruins of the old, the differences that must emerge will shrink before the grandeur of the task.

They will shrink doubly before the reflection that the only alternative to a wise, just and constructive peace is the destruction of civilised life on this planet.

We have survived two eruptions of the volcano. Can we hope to survive a third?

Criminals Trapped By Invisible Rays

Enemies of society are up against a new weapon

THE FIRST PUBLIC mention of the use by the police in Britain of the combination of Black Light and fluorescent powder was made at Edinburgh Sheriff Court recently. A thief, unmasked by the powder on his clothes, was convicted and sent to jail.

What is this new police "weapon"? Briefly, certain substances fluoresce or "glow" when a special ultra-violet ray (called Black Light because it cannot be seen) shines on them. These substances, in powder or liquid form, are unnoticeable until seen under the invisible rays.

Famous at Twenty-Three

A recent example from America shows how the method can be used.

An employee at a war factory there—let us call him Carl Schmidt—had a plan for sabotaging vital machines in a secret department by dropping carborundum into them. He obtained regular employment in another section of the factory, and was issued with an identification card.

One day he mixed with the workers entering the secret department for a new shift. As they passed the gatekeeper's cabin, Schmidt pushed his quite genuine identification card through the window slit and moved on. Before he could take two steps, he was seized by the guards and is now in jail!

The card he had pushed through the window had come under the invisible rays of a lamp emitting Black Light, and had failed to reveal a mark, ordinarily invisible, printed in fluorescent ink on the cards of the other workmen in the secret department.

The greatest research work on Black Light by any one man has undoubtedly been done by a young American scientist, Jack Andrew DeMent. At the age of only twenty-three he has as long an entry in a standard Who's Who of scientists as Einstein!

In the last fourteen years, DeMent has discovered upwards of 8,000 substances which react to the invisible rays of Black Light. Many big banks, seizing on the protective value of his discoveries, have already installed Black Light lamps over their cashiers' desks.

One example of their use was seen in the case of a kidnapper. The notes paid to him by the victim had been painted by the police with invisible fluorescent chemicals. When he paid the money into the bank, he was promptly arrested. The apparently normal notes, passing beneath the rays of Black Light, had shown up the words "Ransom Money" in a vivid green glow.

He Baffles the Enemy

DeMent has been doing vital secret work for the military authorities.

One result is a fluorescent "window," which, slipped over a military map, enables it, in the rays of Black Light from a pocket lamp, to be clearly read in complete darkness. As the rays are invisible, nothing disturbs the darkness as far as the enemy can see.

Another application of his compound is in secret signalling by day or night. Using field-glasses whose lenses have been painted with the compound, a man can read morse signals from a Black Light torch operated from miles away. The "flashes" are invisible to the enemy.

Another type of fluorescent compound can be used by troops to paint invisible signs and messages on walls—signs which can be read only by others carrying Black Light torches.

PATRICK SPENCER.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir William Firth,

Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—The miner wants nationalisation of the coal industry; the pit owner does not. Their views will never be reconciled. But the State can, and should, heed your warning that unless there is some form of nationalisation the future of the industry—and of Britain generally—will be in jeopardy.

My primary concern is not the miner. Nor am I greatly concerned about the owner.

The question I ask is: "How should the coal industry be run to benefit, not the miner or the owner, but the country as a whole?" And to that question I reply: "By nationalisation."

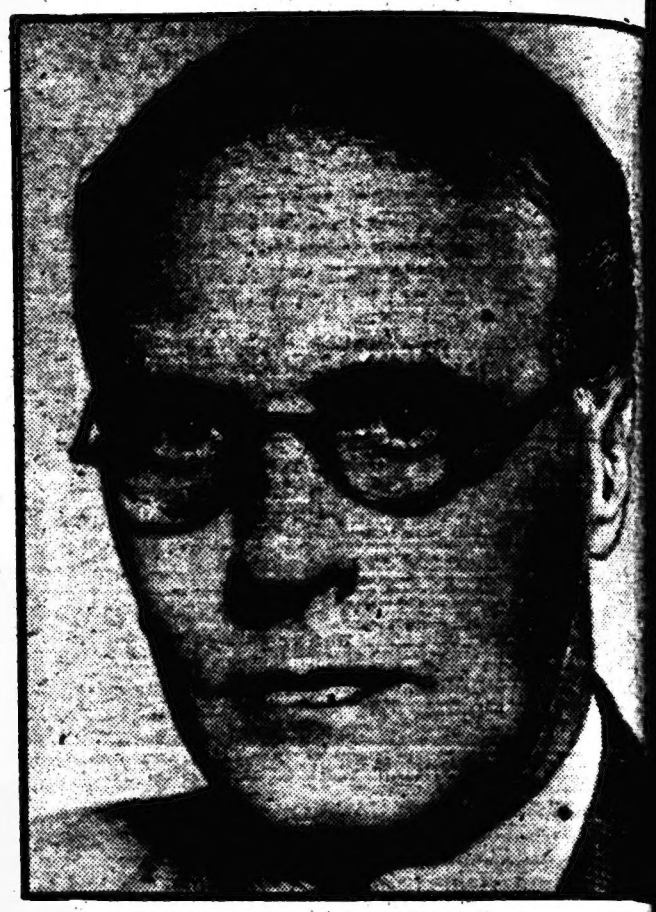
Compromises are not enough. The efficiency of the coal industry is so vital to our post-war trade that the country cannot risk a continuation of the mismanagement and strife which have crippled production in the past.

Neither miner nor coal owner should have the right to hold a pistol at the head of the nation. A sick, dispute-ridden mining industry means an ailing nation. A virile, contented industry means efficiency and well-being at the fountain-head of national production.

The State has the power and the means to modernise the industry, increase output, stamp out discontent, and assure, in this way, the future of industry as a whole.

Critics declare that "some form of nationalisation" is no remedy for the ills that exist to-day in the minefields. They admit the disease, and offer no cure. They talk of State monopoly and the evils of bureaucracy. But they shy at "nationalisation" as though the word spelt the disintegration of the nation's life.

Nationalisation must, *will* come. The sooner it comes the better prepared we will be for the testing times of peace. —JOHN BULL.



Sir William Firth believes in nationalisation of the coal industry

Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, M.P.,

Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BEVIN,—Some time ago it was announced that your experts had devised a scheme whereby ex-Servicemen would be safeguarded against buying "dud" businesses.

Yet, as I have reported, evidence is accumulating that the sharks are busy fleecing discharged fighting men of their hard earned savings.

From all over Britain come reports of businesses, bought in good faith, failing after a few months.

I know that the victims have themselves largely to blame. I know they should take official advice before buying. Perhaps another stern warning from yourself would make them pause before swaying to the blandishments of the mean rogues who are determined to exploit our ex-Servicemen.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. P. T. R. Kirk,

Prebendary of St. Paul's

REVEREND SIR,—You came away from the Church of England's Pensions Board sick at heart and disquieted in soul,

Human Machine

Not For Want of Telling

WE ARE SOMETIMES tempted to believe that we are afflicted with special problems that call for special solutions. We shouldn't think anything of the sort.

Men have been men from the beginning. The ways in which we can overcome our troubles, improve our chances and seize our opportunities, are the ways which have been pointed out ever since thinkers began to think.

There are many people, for instance, who seem to imagine that "wishful thinking" is something that has been invented in the last six years. Yet some 2,500 years ago, a Greek orator, Demosthenes, said: "Nothing is so easy as to deceive oneself; for each man readily believes what he wishes to be true, even though the truth is far otherwise."

The old Roman philosopher, Seneca, said what lots of people still do not believe: "It is never too late to choose the path of virtue."

What is the moral of this? It's quite simple. The troubles of mankind have always been pretty much the same. And the remedies for these troubles have always been pretty much the same.

It's not much to our credit that we still need to have this pointed out to us!

stating that, in your opinion, "the present position is a the biggest scandal the Church has to her discredit."

Why, indeed, should men who obey the call of their s the call which above all others is honoured and esteemed, compelled to face a life of penury and an old age of penu

Why new churches and new cathedrals to the Glory God, when the servants of God are beset by troubles crea by parsimonious reward?

Why not a realistic approach to the whole situati Why not a practical attempt to put the Church on a sou footing; and to ensure that those who have served it so w in quiet obscure ways, should end their days free from darkness of poverty?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—Twenty-four clothing coupons beco available next week. People, shabby, underclad, and try desperately to buy the best value for coupons, are warn that those coupons may have to last seven months inst of the customary six.

Years of mend and make-do, of patching, of going w out, have brought to the domestic scene a despair which Government would do well to recognise.

There is plenty of cloth in the country. But there isn't the labour available to make it into garments. So, fairness to yourself, when complaining of the difficulty spending even the few coupons we shall have, I for one not point to you as the cause of our shabbiness.—JOHN BU

Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.,

Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—The charity balloon is swelling alarming proportions. To-day in Britain there are nea 10,000 war charities, many of them not even registered.

Generous though the British public is, it is growing so what tired of the constant demands on its purse. Mo important is the growing feeling that many of these cha able organisations are superfluous.

With so many in the field there must be a great deal overlapping. Undoubtedly there is waste, and I feel sure th an inquiry by your department—into the activities of th organisations and the disposal of the many millions th have collected—would reveal some unpleasant features.

The people who give to these charities, and the peo whom they are supposed to benefit, have the right to kn just what is happening behind the scenes. Will you obl please?—JOHN BULL.

THOUSANDS STILL LIVE IN MISERY

A tour of bombed areas by HARRY FOWLER, a JOHN BULL Investigator, reveals the hardship caused by the house repair muddle

THE BLUNT FACT is that in spite of Government promises, and large quantities of official soothing-syrup propaganda, repair work on London's 719,300 damaged houses is very much behind schedule.

Thousands of families who were promised last autumn that their homes would be made snug and comfortable before winter set in, are still living in cold and misery.

Let's not forget the enormous task facing the Government and the local authorities. But, also, let's not dodge the truth—that in many parts of London there has been a complete failure to deal effectively with the problem.

To get a clear picture of how the job is being tackled, I have, during the past few days, toured London and its outskirts, sought information from the ordinary man and woman whose homes have been blasted, rather than from officials.

There is now an army of 130,000 men on bomb-damage repair work and they have often been unjustly blamed for slacking, when the fault was not theirs but with those who directed them. The work has been hampered and slowed down by lack of supplies, and lack of efficient supervision.

"Slackers" Who Can't Help It!

True, there have been some slackers, but most of them have been weeded out. Just see how the legend of slacking grows. Recently an important Government official touring a south-west London suburb found a group of workmen sitting at their ease in a bomb-wrecked house. He didn't ask why, but he made a strongly-worded report.

Yet the plain facts in this case were that the men couldn't work because they hadn't got the essential materials. Days before, through their foreman, they'd warned the Clerk of Works that the job was going to be held up.

This is not an isolated incident. There has been far too much ignorant condemnation of the repair workers, who in trying circumstances have been doing a splendid job. Often they are handicapped by lack of effective direction from above, too often they have been switched from one half-completed job to another just because a local Clerk of Works wanted to swell his official returns of "jobs in hand."

Legacy of Bungling

In November, when Mr. Duncan Sandys was appointed Minister of Works, he started on the job with a legacy of delay and bungling, which had piled up even from 1940.

This is what I mean. In Loughborough Road, Brixton, there is bomb damage that dates back to September, 1940. A casual call at one of the houses showed that ceilings of the upper rooms had never been put right, and for that reason they had remained unoccupied.

In South Norwood I found houses which had been damaged last June, and nothing had been done about it until six weeks ago, when real repair work started. Bomb damage was caused at Gillett Road, Thornton Heath, on July 1, 1944, and, apart from the patching of windows, nothing much happened to some of the small houses until a week before Christmas.

In the Lambeth area I found American Army sappers doing excellent work clearing bombed-area sites, and clearing them with remarkable speed. Why? Because they had bulldozers and mechanical shovels—the tools for the job. Said an American sergeant: "We are only getting on faster than some of your British workers because we have more and better equipment."

And so on with my tour, to North London where at Hornsey, taking the first turning off a main road, I found more delay. Last August several houses in Waldegrave Road were damaged by "enemy action," and they are still. At one of the houses I found a worried housewife who still has to put pails, baths and basins to catch the rain coming through her roof.

"I got fed up with waiting for something to be done," she said, "and three weeks before Christmas I made still another trip to the Town Hall. They told me that something would be done very soon. Since then nothing has happened.

Driven to Despair

Next door, a young mother complained that a ceiling had been dangerous since August, and she had no hope of "her place ever being put right."

These are not specially hand-picked cases of hardship. My calls were intentionally haphazard. I wanted the opinion of the average householder whose home had been blasted. Generally, I found that bombed Londoners have been either irritated or almost driven to despair by the long delays, plus the amateurish and careless way in which repairs have been done.

There are instances where at least three different building firms have followed one another at intervals to repair a small house.

But in fairness it must be said that during the past few weeks there has been a welcome speed-up both in the quality and in the quantity of the work done. Unfortunately, in some boroughs there have been complaints of preferential treatment. Preference is alleged to have been shown to residents in the better-class roads. There are instances where well-to-do people have had their homes put right within a few days, while, in the same borough, "working-class" streets have been untouched for months after the scrappiest of first-aid repairs had been done.

Frequently during my tour I heard suggestions of "graft" and bribery. "To get your repairs done decently and quickly, you have to go with pound notes sticking out of your waistcoat pocket," said one disgruntled householder, living in the remains of his blasted home. I heard many of these allegations, but I think they are exaggerations. I urge those who have suffered acute and prolonged discomfort through repair delays not to accept every story of "graft."

Well, grumbles aside, how are we to tackle the temporary housing problems? Perhaps Lewisham provides the best answer. Here, Mr. Brian Colquhon, who was responsible for the construction of many of our aircraft factories, was called in to speed up repairs in what is one of London's worst hit boroughs. The bomb-damage area extends over 7,000 acres, and this area has been divided into seven sectors of 1,000 acres.

Attack Like an Army

The O.C. of each section is an engineer, and each sector has its own group of building firms, supervised by inspectors and clerks of works. Each area has its own source of labour and materials, but in an emergency men and materials can be switched from one sector to another.

Herein, I think is at least the partial solution. Each badly blasted borough should be treated as part of a widespread military campaign, with companies of men and materials moving up to attack the repair work that has to be mastered before further advances can be made.

There must be effective leadership from the C.O. down through his officers, the clerks of works, and the N.C.O's, the foremen on the job, and through the ranks of workers. "Supply lines" must be effectively organised. No front line troops engaged on repair work should be held up for lack of ammunition, in the shape of materials.

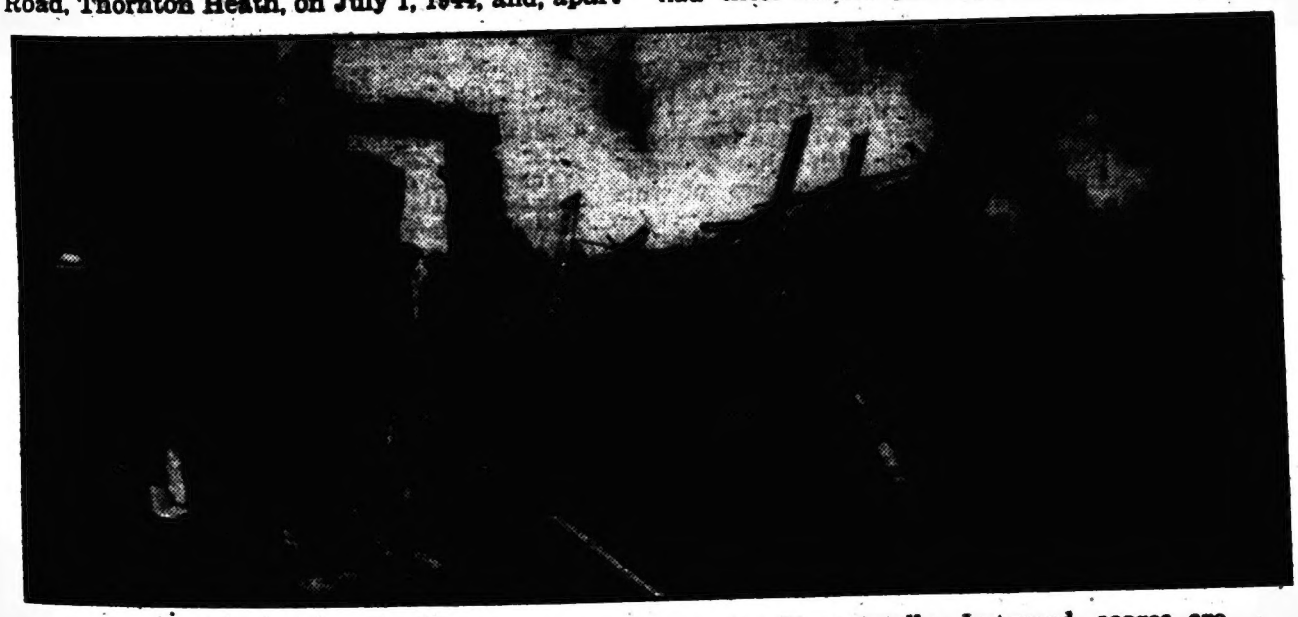
If particularly tough going develops in Wandsworth, then reinforcements of men and materials should be quickly switched from Hampstead or elsewhere where the situation may be easier.

Central Headquarters Needed

Meanwhile, the Government is considering proposals for a scheme of joint progress committees of employers and workers. The idea is that each committee should consist of equal numbers of employers and employees, with official representatives from the local Borough Councils, the Ministry of Works and the Ministry of Labour.

The main work of the committees would be to advise the local authorities and the Ministries on all points affecting the work in hand.

The two ideas do not clash. Normally, you do not think of an army in action being run by committees. But think again and you will realise that no army goes into a battle without "committee" work both before and during the attack. And if the bomb damage problem needs anything, it needs direction from some central headquarters.



A V-bomb lands in Southern England and, apart from dwellings totally destroyed, scores are rendered windowless and leaky. People continue to live there for lack of other accommodation and suffer the hardships of winter weather while inefficiency and lack of direction delay repairs

Royal Engineers help—but soldier workers are wasted without an attack planned as efficiently as an army campaign

WHERE MILLIONS are M and

More true but sensational disclosures of the Black Market by WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner

SOME LITTLE TIME BACK I spent several hours in a Mayfair club in that queer, cosmopolitan quarter of London's West End where people in high society rub shoulders with criminals and ne'er-do-wells.

Imagine a room about as large as the lobby of an ordinary hotel, with shaded lights, a fair-sized dance floor and a third-rate orchestra—and you've got the kind of "club" I mean.

A sherry costs 4s. 6d. A double "whisky"—ordinary whisky watered—costs 5s. 6d. There was no shortage, but the drinks were all at prices that only stupid people would ordinarily pay for what they choose to call "gaiety."

I went there for a purpose—a special purpose

I had discovered that it was one of scores of clubs, not only in London, whose proprietors or managements were leading clients of Black Market kings. The establishment was crowded with guests, a lot of them American soldiers and their women friends.

Although this club was run reasonably well, I knew that its gifted Master of Ceremonies was a well-known Man-About-Town who has a "file" at Scotland Yard with several convictions for fraud and other offences recorded in its pages. But few of the guests there that night—stragglers mostly decoyed by touts—would have thought so from his dapper appearance and charming manner.

A few days after my visit there was a police raid. A search warrant had been obtained from the Bow Street magistrate and the place was searched from floor to ceiling. The cellar revealed the evidence the police needed most of all. Under layers of coal and sacks many cases of whisky were found carefully concealed. They were the part-proceeds of a big whisky robbery which had been arranged and effected by a Black Market gang some weeks before.

Plentiful Drinks—at a Price

A night or two after my visit I visited another club in the Tottenham Court Road area of London. Much the same sort of surroundings, except that there was a billiards table instead of a band and no dance floor of any size.

Despite the shortage in the pubs all round, drinks were plentiful at prices that were just as formidable as those at the other club. When police and journalistic inquiries are afoot history often has a habit of repeating itself. Thus it came about, in a day or two's time, that a search warrant was also obtained, and a night raid took place.

Cases of stolen whisky and other liquor were found on these premises, too; the proprietors had not bothered to hide them. And the sequel: The contraband liquor found during these two police raids was worth—at fixed trade price—£1,830.

How much do you suppose the balance, *that was not found*, had made in profit? Actually, that drink seized at these clubs was part of the proceeds of a big robbery engineered by lorry drivers in the pay of racketeers who nowadays offer the most tempting money as a lure to turn decent workers to dishonesty.

So great have railway and lorry robberies become in recent months that special investigators attached to the War Office, Scotland Yard detective, Railway and Docks police officers, private sleuths employed by the Passenger Transport Board and specially picked detectives from all leading provincial forces, have just started an attempt to tackle the problem. They know that only highly efficient and intensely organised gangs could possibly be behind these mammoth robberies.

Four Million Pounds

Statistics for 1944, just available to me, show that articles and foodstuffs worth £540,000 were stolen *from seaports alone*. Add all the organised thefts from military stores, from business depots and warehouses, and from multiple stores and shops—and railways, too—and you'll believe me when I say that the real figure is somewhere in the region of £4,000,000.

Since last autumn, insurance company experts have reported, with so small anxiety, that robberies in which Black Market interests are chiefly suspected, have increased by 60 per cent.

As, in 1943, they were 200 per cent. more than in 1939, this estimate is obviously one that demands the full and immediate attention of the Home Office, whose duty it is to give our police sufficient personnel to cope with what is indisputably one of the gravest menaces of this generation.

Study one or two recent unsolved robberies of the kind I have in mind:

A few weeks ago there was a £3,000 liquor robbery in Stirling. No arrest; no recovery of the stolen property. 200,000 cigarettes disappeared from an Aldgate warehouse. No clues. Nor have any arrests been made in connection with the theft of 70,000 cigarettes from another factory.

100,000 cigarettes were recently whisked off during the night hours from a South London store. The police are still wondering and waiting for clues, though the official report states that this theft must have been well organised by people who knew the comings and goings of the staff.

A chance telephone warning gave the Essex police a hint, three or four months ago, that a hoard of stolen cigarettes was lying at a secret garage used as a temporary "warehouse" by Black Market bandits.

A police officer, Detective Inspector Pilbury—I give his name because he deserves credit for the great courage he showed—went at once to the scene to discover £17,000 worth of cigarettes being loaded into a lorry to be taken off to a Black Market depot.

There was a fight and Pilbury was badly injured, but though the "pawns" in the theft were caught and sentenced, the Black Market King behind the scenes is still enjoying his freedom and plotting more profitable conspiracies.

Shoes, cloth, shirts, pyjamas, ready-made suits, furs, furniture, sugar, tea, bacon, jam, meat, have lately found their way into Black Market sources in huge quantities without any *real* arrests being made at all.

The undetected Black Market kings offer terrifically high "wages" to those willing to work for them and even lads of seventeen and eighteen are now in their pay. One lad, over a comparatively brief period, stole £1,000 worth of goods from stores and shops after they were closed, including 300 pairs of stockings, 16,000 cigarettes, 60 lb. of butter, together with miscellaneous lighters, watches, and boxes of chocolates!

Except that he was said to be "a member of a gang," the local police have been unable to add anything further to his story, nor have they arrested any of the "higher ups."

Round them Up!

In another case elsewhere, where five lads—all likewise members of a "gang"—were arrested for being concerned in robberies running into thousands of pounds, there was no trace of the bosses. It really seems incredible that, even though detective staffs have been seriously depleted, more arrests are not made. It is no consolation to the public that a few miserable thieves—obviously men on the lowest rung of the Black Market ladder—are sent to jail for a few months every now and then.

What we want to see, and what the power of publicity will *ensure* that we *do* see, is the Kings of the Black Market, the luxurious rogues I described last week, put into the dock and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude.

Through lack of police resources caused by Home Office red-tape or short-sightedness, they have been given time to work out their organisation with care and precision—right down to the last detail.

Look how they pre-arrange their mass robberies and lorry raids.

Premises are first of all selected after con-

ADE HIDDEN

sultation between "siting" agents and "go-betweens." Then the "go-betweens" confer with the lieutenants or secretaries of the particular "king" concerned and final details are fixed. A lorry driver "on the list," preferably one who has "worked the ground" before, is chosen and given orders to pick up the actual thieves and "breakers" at the signalled time.

Never are premises robbed until they have been kept under "Ob"—the Black Market expression for observation—for several days and nights. The routine movements of the staff are closely watched, the habits of the night watchman noted, and so on.

Success is always nearly 100 per cent. assured before an actual "coup" takes place. Sometimes the same lorry driver works on three or four "jobs" running, and is paid "overtime" accordingly.

There is one Black Marketeer who has made a clear £300,000 in the last two years. Another has over £35,000 tucked away in diamonds, and also thousands of poundsworth of War Savings Certificates in the names of his children, father, mother and several relatives.

Tremendous quantities of rich diamonds and precious stones have been bought and hidden away—some in American safe deposits to which they have been smuggled—by Black Market "kings" anxious to find a safe refuge for their gains in case ill-luck suddenly dogs them. The "fences" of the old days—the men who bought and resold stolen property—are now mostly in the ranks of Black Marketeers where these jewel deals are concerned.

Looking to the Future

They are able to buy up stolen furs and diamonds and "resell" them at choice profits to racketeers who know they are buying stones that will be easily negotiable after the war.

Women agents are even getting positions as ladies' maids with rich families to further Black Market interests. After staying a few days, they leave with all the furs or jewels they can find.

One woman, whose name has lately been added to Scotland Yard's records, has stolen furs worth £13,000 from different employers for whom she worked temporarily in the last few months.

They were destined for Black Market chiefs who, afraid to hold on to too much cash (and their transactions are almost invariably carried out in £1 or 10s. notes) convert their war time wealth into property that will yield ready capital when peace comes.

Where costly furniture is concerned, let me issue a warning to people who have good homes that are left unattended. Lately there have been many robberies, in which apparently genuine removal vans have been used, at unattended houses. Here, again, days were spent on observation before the actual thefts took place. But when they did they were carried out without a hitch.

In one recent case seven different "removal vans" drove up to a mansion over a period of three days, stayed several hours each time, and after emptying the establishment of everything except the dustbin, left the police to discover that the whole impudent business was just another carefully pre-arranged Black Market robbery.

Neighbours thought it was a genuine removal ordered by the owners.

NEXT WEEK:
FACTORY TOUTS AND COUPON DEALERS

Hannen Swaffer Talks
ABOUT CHURCHILL AND OTHERS

HARRY HOPKINS enjoys telling to his intimates a story of his first get-together visit to Churchill.

The two were in the train on their way to Glasgow, where they were to say good-bye to Halifax, the new Ambassador to Washington.

In came a Foreign Office underling, who, obviously not noticing that Hopkins was present, explained to the Premier the plans made for him. This, briefly, was the talk.

"We have arranged for you to say good-bye at the station, where the newsreel cameras will be waiting and where it is hoped you will make a short speech of farewell. Here are the suggested words."

"But I am going on the warship. Besides, surely I can be allowed to make my own speech. I am not altogether unknown as an orator. Why, I could quote a few lines of Shakespeare, and even a bit of Latin or a word or two of Greek."

"The Americans, sir, would prefer something simple. They are not a very cultured people."

"I wonder what my friend, Mr. Harry Hopkins, will say about that?"

Then, seeing the President's emissary, the Foreign Office man fled!

In the Baldwin Class

LLOYD GEORGE must take as the greatest of all compliments the vast size of those sections of the community who resent the idea that he accepted an earldom.

One old Welsh farmer put his feelings in sorrowful words, used to his M.P.

"Why did he do it, bach?" he asked. "Fancy a really great man sinking from the position of Mr. Gladstone to that of Earl Baldwin!"

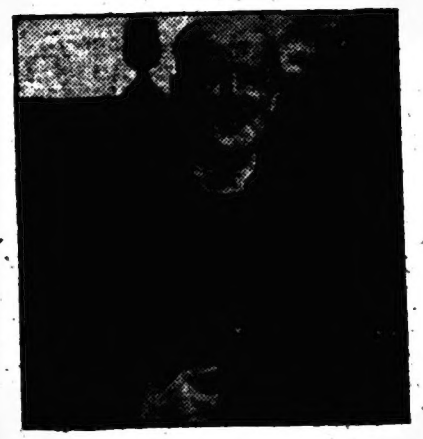
Wales Once Hated Him!

LITTLE THOUGHT that Caradoc Evans, for years "the most hated man in Wales," would ever dare to visit a National Eisteddfod.

First in "My People," and then in "My Neighbours"—both were volumes of short stories, written after he had re-read chapters of the Old Testament to get the style!—he castigated his countrymen with a Russian realism and an almost Rabelaisian frankness.

Why, they wouldn't serve him in Welsh pubs.

Largely, Caradoc's bitterness was caused by his memory of the slave days of his shop-assistant youth—



The new Archbishop "seems to like human beings"

in Wales and then in a London drapery store.

Yet, at Neath, I got, in the Press seats, a note from the Eisteddfod audience, saying he had braved it out, and faced official Wales, all at once!

Actually, all that happened when we met was that, after boys had got my autograph, they asked him for his. All was forgiven.

Fiction out of Fact?

When, in the last war, "My Neighbours" came out and I challenged him—just to get a story—with "Why do you attack your own people?" he went through the chief characters one by one and said: "That was one of my uncles. . . . She was my mother's cousin. . . . It's all true, look you!"

Years later, when a publisher who feared libel objected to a novel, already in type, that Caradoc had written about an English village he had been living in, he withdrew it.

When it did appear, the scenes and the people were all Welsh!

Late at night he would sometimes revert to his early Nonconformity. Once, when I put him into a cab in Fleet Street, he shouted "Swaff, God's got you!"

Ex-Premier's Wives

Caradoc's only play, "Taffy," was loudly booed, from the gallery, by Welsh students when it was staged for one matinée at the Prince of Wales's.

Mrs. Lloyd George sat in the stalls, almost in tears.

Mrs. Asquith, however, asked the author to lunch—"to hear some more," he told me.

The New Primate

WHILE PAYING TRIBUTE to his scholarship and character, the Anglican papers are by no means enthusiastic about the new Primate.

"It is plain that Dr. Fisher is not Dr. Temple," comments the *Church of England Newspaper*. "We sincerely trust that our new Archbishop will not, on that account, harbour any inferiority feeling.

"As a preacher, Geoffrey Fisher lacks the humanity of his predecessor. . . . Nothing is known of his literary or athletic achievements."

It uses, too, this remarkable phrase: "*He seems to like human beings.*"

The same journal also says that the Primate's duties "are too great for one man to carry and it is not fair to him, to his family, or to the Church that he should be expected to shoulder so heavy a burden."

Canterbury's "Burden"

The *Church Times*, while contradicting this last bit by saying, "Those who love him are glad he is relieved from the more Herculean labours laid on his back in London," warns him that if any Archbishop did not choose an efficient staff "he would court disaster and, incidentally, an early death from exhaustion. . . .

"Dr. Fisher has not so far displayed Dr. Temple's capacity to win the attention of men and women of all classes and outlooks and perhaps he never will, for his gifts lie in a different direction. . . .

"He does not wear his heart on

Irene Vanbrugh is always a joy

his sleeve. In politics, neither Right nor Left can claim him. . . . Preaching has always been a heavy burden to him."

Is Simon an Actor?

THE EX-MANAGER who, hearing Lord Simon's speech at the British Drama League's luncheon, said he would give him a job as an actor, apparently said so because he is now out of business.

"I wouldn't," another stage expert said to me. "It's true he recited bits of 'Othello' and almost with a barnstormer's gestures. But he cannot recite for toffee.

"It is also true that, as a compliment to the ambassador from Paris, he ended with the last lines of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' in French. But then I heard Coquelin declaim those once. . . . So I did not think so much of his French accent, either.

"Actually, the only two good speakers at the lunch were Irene Vanbrugh, always a joy, and the toastmaster. Simon, whose voice is by no means what it was, could have gone to the toastmaster for some lessons."

A Memory of "Wilson"

READING, IN THE FOYER, that the film "Wilson" was hailed as the "greatest contribution to the history of fifty years of motion picture entertainment," I recalled how in 1912, when he was fighting his first Presidential election, I helped to show Woodrow Wilson the first film he ever saw.

Governor Wilson, as he was then, was staying at Princeton, where he had been Principal, apparently nervous about British reporters.

George Macauley, then the famous cartoonist of the *New York World*, said that he had made a short campaign film, an animated cartoon appealing for working-class dollars for the Democrats, and suggested that I should accompany the men who were taking it to Princeton to show the candidate.

"You'll see him that way," he said.

Long Before Disney

When we arrived, Wilson asked how the film could be shown.

"All we want is a sheet," explained an operator. "Then we'll hang it up in the library."

Wilson went upstairs and took a sheet from his own bed. Together, we pinned it on a wall. Then the Governor, his wife, his daughter Jessie and I sat on four seats and watched the show. It was little more than a magic-lantern show. Disney, two decades later, was to turn that sort of thing into genius.

"But you don't sound like an American," said Wilson afterwards.

"No," I explained. "I'm a reporter from London."

And I stayed to tea.

My Private Rogues' Gallery

The GREAT WRITER

This is a new series by a young writer who has already attracted considerable notice. In it he presents some unforgettable pen-portraits of queer characters he has encountered in real life

by J. MACLAREN-ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

On the mantelpiece were three statuettes of Hanuman the Monkey God, carved in red wood

YOU MIGHTN'T BELIEVE IT, but I wrote a detective story once. In fact, I very nearly wrote two detective stories. This was years ago, when I was about seventeen and living in the south of France.

It all came about through my meeting an elderly gentleman named Mr. St. Clair Morlake.

He was a writer of considerable reputation, I was told, and a great recluse. He hardly ever left his house on the Promenade des Anglais.

Somehow I arrived there one evening with a letter of introduction. The size of the house was imposing, and I was ushered upstairs by an Italian butler with long moustachios. He showed me into a waiting-room that had on the mantelpiece three statuettes of Hanuman the Monkey God, carved in red wood.

I barely had time to take these in when the door opened and Mr. St. Clair Morlake entered the room.

He had white hair and a gnarled face which might have been carved from the same red wood as the statuettes and was not really dissimilar in expression.

His shoulders were bent and all one side of his body, in its hairy tweed suit, twisted by what might have been the effect of a stroke or merely rheumatism. He crossed the room at a rapid shuffle and shook my hand quickly with thin limp fingers.

"So you're the great writer, eh?" he said in a deep croaking voice.

I was taken aback and muttered something like "Not yet, sir."

"Plenty of time, plenty of time," Mr. Morlake croaked. "How old are you?"

"Seventeen, sir," I told him.

"Good, good. You'll learn. All your life before you." He suddenly swerved and pointed a limp finger at the three statuettes. "Mark that, my boy," and his hand shook. "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. You can't go wrong if you remember that."

Without waiting for a reply, he swerved round again and made for the door, beckoning me to follow. He shuffled ahead down a long dimly lit corridor and threw open a door into a large salon at its far end.

The salon was richly furnished, with Oriental tapestries on the walls, and on the mantelpiece were again the three statuettes of Hanuman. There were also many bookcases, and I wondered if all the books in them had been written by Mr. Morlake himself. I found out later that they hadn't.

"Sit down," Mr. Morlake told me, and held out a silver box containing cigarettes. "Now, how many books have you written?"

"Well, I haven't actually written any yet, sir."

"Time you began. Ever written a detective story?"

"No, sir."

"How about writing one, eh? Think you could?"

I didn't see why not. At that time I often thought out plots for detective stories, and now proceeded to tell Mr. Morlake one of these. He listened with closed eyes, and during the recital the Italian butler served us with whisky. At the end of the story Mr. Morlake blinked his eyes open.

"Good. Very ingenious. How long'll you take to write it?"

I said about a month.

"Splendid," Mr. Morlake said. "Go ahead. I'll get it published for you."

I left the house a little drunk and very exalted. I wrote the first four chapters that same night and read them to Mr. Morlake next day. He was most enthusiastic; he'd only one objection to make.

"It's full of murders."

"It's a detective story," I said.

MR. MORLAKE NODDED. "That's true. Well give me these pages and I'll get them typed out for you."

A Russian princess did the typing. She appeared to live in the house and to act as Mr. Morlake's secretary.

He always referred to her as Miss.

Before the chapters were typed I always read them over to Mr. Morlake.

He was an ideal audience, because at every session he had forgotten what course the story was to take, and the identity of the murderer. When reminded of this, he'd nod and croak out: "Of course, of course. I'd never have guessed that."

But despite these reminders, the final revelation, when I read him the last chapter, made him start up with surprise in his chair.

"Amazing, amazing. Never have thought it was him. Well, well. Very good, my boy. Now we'll get on with having the book published."

"Who d'you think of sending it to, sir?"

"Oxford University Press," Mr. Morlake said firmly.

My face fell. "But do they publish detective stories, sir?"

"This'll be the first one they've ever published. Don't worry, I'll get them to do it."

"Are they your publishers, sir?" I asked.

"No, not exactly. But I'll use my influence with them."

I NEVER FOUND OUT who Mr. Morlake's publishers actually were. Nor had I ever seen a printed copy of one of his works. This evening, as it was a special occasion to celebrate the completion of the book, I was emboldened to ask him what it was he wrote.

"Detective stories, of course," he said.

"Could you lend me one, sir?" I said. "I'm sure I'd learn a great deal from it."

"No doubt, no doubt. Don't think I've a copy in the house, though."

He looked round at the bookshelves and shook his head. He frowned and stared at the three statuettes of Hanuman as though seeking inspiration from them. And inspiration came. He hoisted himself to his feet and shuffled rapidly over to a bookcase.

"Here's something I wrote." He returned holding out a tattered copy of a small paper-bound book; I read on the cover: "Sexton Blake Library, price 4d." It was not what I'd expected, nor was the name of the author that of St. Clair Morlake.

"You wrote this, sir?"

"I wrote half of it. Fellow writing it got into difficulties, so I helped him out. Poor fellow, great friend of mine. Dead now, alas." He shook his head and clicked his tongue. "Take the book along and read it through, my boy. It'll be an experience for you."

I read the book that night, but was unable to decide which half of it Mr. Morlake had written, as the style showed no appreciable difference throughout.

Next day I'd no time to ask him; the complete typescript of the detective story was ready and I had to read it through before it was finally sent off to the Oxford University Press.

When I looked at the title page I got a shock. There, typed with a red-and-black ribbon, it said:

"MURDER MEDIUM,"
By
St. Clair Morlake and Maclaren-Ross.

Mr. Morlake saw my surprise. "I thought you'd be pleased about that," he said. "Of course, I must say I hesitated before committing myself to it. But then I thought what a great help it would be to you to have my name on the book."

I was silent. With emotion and gratitude, Mr. Morlake supposed.

So the typescript, with our two names on it, was duly despatched to the Oxford University Press. Meanwhile, Mr. Morlake said he would like me to collaborate with him on another book. He fetched in an enormous bound typescript, on the cover of which was printed:

AM I A LIAR?
By
St. Clair Morlake.

"It's a humorous anthology," Mr. Morlake said. "Took me years to prepare and collect the material. Just go through it and tell me what you think in the morning."

When I got home I opened the book. It consisted entirely of jokes.

After I had read through half of them my sense of humour suddenly went back on me and I found myself unable to continue. I returned the book to Mr. Morlake in the morning; he was eagerly awaiting my verdict.

"What d'you think of it, my boy?"

"I think it should be printed exactly as it stands, sir," I said.

"That's what I think, too. Of course, the title'll have to be changed now you're collaborating with me. I propose to call it 'Are We Good Liars?'"

"An excellent title, sir," I said. "D'you think of sending this book to the Oxford University Press as well?"

"No, no. Another market altogether. That reminds me, we should be hearing from them shortly."

And hear from them we did. Mr. Morlake broke the news to me gently; the typescript had come back with a rejection.

"Apparently it's against their policy

blish detective stories. I'd no idea
at, it's an old-fashioned prejudice.
narrow indeed." He patted my
der. "Don't let this depress you,
oy. I'll use my influence elsewhere."
t other publishers didn't seem sus-
ble to Mr. Morlake's influence. The
cr.pt kept coming back.
ll do anything to help. but this'll
my reputation if it goes on. Tell
what, we'll scrap this book and start
her."
was unwilling at first to do this, so
ade me a curious offer. He'd pay
hundred francs a week whilst I
writing it, and, of course, share the
s with me when it was published.
ccepted, and set to In a month I'd
y written a second detective story.
hen the payments suddenly stopped.
phoned up Mr. Morlake and was told
y that I was taking too long to finish
book. He accused me of spinning it
n order to earn more money.
was furious. I rushed round to his
e and tore the MS away from the
cess who was typing it. Mr. Morlake
ared waving his arms and shouting
t ingratitude I thought he was
t to fall in a fit. I left with the MS.
r my arm and he shouted at me
the top of the stairs.
nths passed before I heard from him
n. He wrote and said that he'd
forced to strike my name off the
book and that our collaboration
now at an end.
went round and he received me as
gh nothing had happened.
e was a little sad at one point about
ingratitude of youth; but this, he
he'd learned to accept philosophic-

the door, as I was leaving, he pulled
lded newspaper from his pocket and
ded it to me, open at the correspond-
column.
Look at that, my boy!"
was a letter to the Editor, com-
ning of publishers who ignored work
real genius, and it was signed St.
r Morlake.
You see?" he said triumphantly. "I
't need you to collaborate with me,
n get published alone."
So can I," I answered, and left him
y contemplating his statuettes of
Three Wise Monkeys.
was relieved to escape so lightly.

Good Health

Strong Drink

ALCOHOL IS NEVER a stimulant. On the contrary, it is always depressing. Its chief virtues re that it dulls the higher cen-es of the brain, removing self-onsciousness and worry, and so an aid to sociability and a oother for the anxious mind.

Apart from this, it is not a medi-ne. Its food value is slight, and l volatile is a better stimulant for nose who faint than expensive randy. It does not help in heart isease, is dangerous for injured eople who may be bleeding inter-ally, and has no tonic virtues.

Chronic over-indulgence causes ious damage to heart, liver and idneys, gives life insurance com-anies a very bad impression, and ay lead to D.T.'s—which are not omic at all, but very horrid.

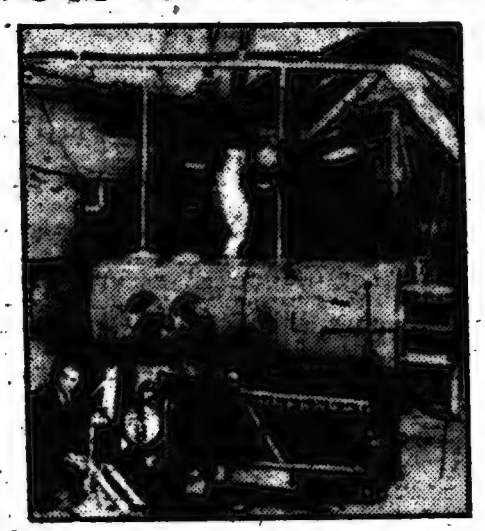
Alcohol does not warm the body, cools it. The feeling of warmth is a elusion, due to the flushed skin rom which heat is going rapidly.

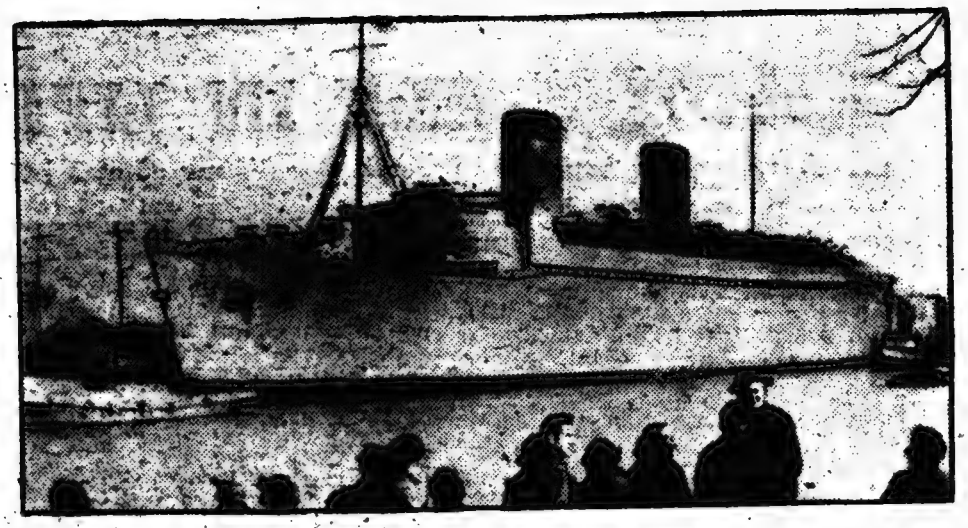
A hangover may be treated by arge doses of vitamin C, either in ablets (200 mg.), or as fruit juice, or y taking sal volatile.

The only adequate reason for aking alcohol is because you like it. f you take too much you lose your alate and cease to enjoy it.

DR. GREVILLE PARK

These books make news





This cyclotron, in the University of California, produces a 19-million volt beam of "atomic bullets." Such instruments may revolutionise our life. For the atoms in a pint of water hold enough energy to drive the world's largest liner, the 85,000 ton *Queen Elizabeth*, across the Atlantic and back

Shall We Work Three Days a Week?

Tomorrow will be a lovely day—if scientists are allowed freedom to help us all

by VINCENT BROME

POLITICAL WRITERS are apt to conjure up new and better Utopias with each fresh book. When a political writer bursts out of his own field into the world of science for the shape of things to come, we can expect something interesting

Bruce Bliven is a political writer of high distinction in America. In his book, *Men Who Make the Future*, just published in this country by Pilot Press, at 8s. 6d., he records his discoveries after spending a whole year talking to the leading American scientists.

The author had long been working to change the way of the world, but he had worked politically. Would that world run counter to the ideas brewing in the scientific test-tubes?

This book is the answer. Anyone interested in the possibilities of modern science will find it an inspiring answer.

A breath-taking world lies ahead. A world where limitless power, obtained from the atom, may become free to everyone, so that every need of humanity can be supplied with only a three- or four-day working week.

It will be a world where sunlight is laid on through a pipe like running water, where rooms dust themselves, and glass no longer breaks. A world with a plan and purpose which strips away frustration and pettiness. . . .

These are high-sounding words. To a large extent they are capable of practical interpretation. For instance, a huge installation known as a cyclotron is being built in Berkeley, California. The cyclotron is an apparatus which makes it possible to split the atom and release some of its energy.

That energy is colossal. A pint of water holds sufficient atomic power to drive the *Queen Elizabeth* across the Atlantic and back.

Sunlight on Tap

The biggest cyclotron in use to-day has a power of 15,000,000 volts. The new cyclotron will generate 600,000,000 volts. What will happen when these gigantic forces are released, nobody knows.

It will certainly be one of the biggest moments in the history of mankind. It may completely revolutionise our way of life, for here is a source of power far more potent and far cheaper than anything we have ever known.

In another field, the new plastic called "Lucite" will bring about sunlight piped to our rooms. "Lucite" makes it possible, for the first time, to bend light rays round a corner. A sunlight catcher fitted to the roof would send the sun's rays down a "Lucite" piping system to every room.

Another development is the gigantic new telescope which will magnify 200,000 times, against the present maximum of 2,500 times. This may easily unlock secrets of the universe which have baffled us since the beginning of time.

At the opposite end of the scale, the author uncovered something of far more personal interest. It all began when an epidemic of measles hit the United States not so long ago. The epidemic was particularly bad along the Atlantic seaboard. In some Philadelphian classrooms 70 per cent. of the pupils caught the disease.

But in three schools the number of cases was found to be very much smaller—only about 12 per cent.

The explanation was simple. These classrooms were fitted with a special type of ultra-violet ray lamp which threw its rays upwards towards the ceiling. As the germs floated into its range, they were either killed or rendered impotent. Thus the children were protected from measles the whole time that they remained in the classroom.

This was not just an overnight experiment. It was the result of years of work by scientists and doctors. The names W. F. Wells and M. W. Wells stand out among them.

Tests were made at the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania and were even more successful than expected.

The tests were applied to the common cold. The special ultra-violet lamp attacked and destroyed the actual origin of the colds.

It is one of the qualities of Mr. Bliven's book that he never draws exaggerated conclusions from new scientific discoveries. Everything is reduced to a simple level and kept strictly in its place.

But it Costs Money!

His precise assessment of the latest cure for the common cold runs like this . . . "for a fairly small sum anybody can now greatly reduce the likelihood of catching cold, providing he will instal these lamps in the rooms where he spends the greater part of his time. . . ."

A fairly small sum? In America germicidal lamps range from £2 10s. to £10.

If you are uncertain about the future, read this book. It has passages which are exciting. Its science is sound, its writing lucid, and it holds out something more than theoretical hopes for tomorrow's world.

"No coupons again—and yet the firm still insists that the customer is always right"

Free Speech

FAIR START IN LIFE—AN AIRMAN'S DREAM

This page is kept for our readers' opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

I AM THIRTY-FIVE and a house decorator in civilian life. When I entered the R.A.F. they gave me an intelligence test. I was the sole man in a class of twenty-two who had had only an elementary school education. Two of the others had university degrees. Only three of us got an "A" pass in the exams.

I cannot help wondering what my job in life might have been had my parents been able to send me to the grammar school when I won a scholarship twenty years ago.—CPL. N. V. POWER, 1, Helena Street, Burnley, Lancs.

Education, Not Bias

AS A BRANCH SECRETARY of the Workers' Education Association and an active trade union and Labour Party member, I deplore the letter from W. T. Chamberlain about the superiority of the National Council of Labour Colleges. There is room for both types of educational body, but the W.E.A. happens to be doing a better job.

I pray the day will never come when any branch of our educational system will be purely an instrument for biased political thought and propaganda.—A STUBBS, 14, Franklyn Avenue, Crewe, Cheshire.

Fewer Babies: Why?

THE DECIDING FACTOR in the declining birthrate is the actual event of childbirth. I doubt if anyone would have a tooth out without an anæsthetic, so it's very unlikely that a woman can easily anticipate the agonies of childbirth without one. It is incredible that she is expected to do so.—MRS. D. COWELL, 26, Derby Avenue, Upminster.

IF IT WERE NOT natural for women to forget pain quicker than men, something would be done about providing painless childbirth for all. As it is, men should use their brains and their energies to make the task easier instead of bleating about "nature's methods."—F. LEWIS, 58, Ashen Drive, Dartford.

Long-Distance Letter

I SENT A LETTER to Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P. It went out to Italy and has now come back to me—returned by a soldier who found it in his Christmas mail! Funny thing is the soldier, whom I do not know, comes from Horwich, too. Total travelling time for my letter—five weeks. — WALTER LONGSHAW, 5, Chapel Street, Horwich, Lancs.

P.S.: Will you send the guinea to the soldier if you print this? I enclose his address in case.

Grousers' Table

SITTING IN MY CLUB one night last week, with my back turned towards what we call the "Grousers' table," I overheard the following conversation: "What dus think, they've been and made that Welshman, Lloyd George a Earl. Dus remember after the last war, he promised us four acres and a cow? What dus we get from him? Nowt."—"But I can tell thee worst than that. Dus remember when he brought that National Health Insurance business thing in? Well, what's think of that, and I had four slate clubs going at the same time?"—W. Davies, 25, Vale Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

Example to Diehards

HAMILTON FYFE writing for you—that's excellent. I thoroughly enjoyed his article on Lenin and the Russians.

After a long life packed with hard work (he's seventy-five, I think), Hamilton Fyfe is still young in style and exuberance. What an example to the stodgy diehards in that final sentence . . . "Unless we quickly alter our stupid trick of despising and opposing the New Gangs because they are not gentlemen, we shall be left in an isolation more disastrous even than war."—John Whittome, St. Helens.

Hamilton Fyfe, famous editor and last war correspondent. At 75 he's delighted a reader with his youthful writing

What "Jerry" Did

WE OUT IN ITALY have just received JOHN BULL for November 4 last, and are interested in the letter from "Seven Gunners" about the nurses fraternising with the German prisoners in the Sheffield hospital. Please bring to the notice of the girls concerned this report from our paper *Union Jack*: "Five more Americans taken prisoner by the Germans were murdered. Captured while on patrol, these five were interrogated and then lined up and shot."

That's enough to show what sort of people we're fighting against. We can assure the Sheffield nurses that these atrocities are by no means imaginary. Some of the things "Jerry" has done in this theatre of war are almost too bad to print, so you can understand the feelings of the British fighting boys when they read of such incidents at home—and especially in Yorkshire. — "Eight Guardsmen," Coldstream Guards, C.M.F.

[Names and full address supplied.—ED.]

Forgotten? Rubbish!

FORGOTTEN ARMY? What about this? My young R.A.F. brother out East hadn't been receiving his mail and reported it to his C.O. I got a very nice letter from the G.P.O. asking me to come for an interview. I couldn't, because of my work, so a few days later their representative called. A more friendly and understanding gentleman you couldn't meet. He took all particulars. Practically at his heels came the postman with a letter from the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. Their representative has just left me—a woman this time—you'd have thought it was her brother and not mine who wasn't receiving his mail. The Forgotten Army, indeed!—H. C. Davis, 11, Blackwater Street, Belfast.

Women's Slacks: The Answer

AS A CONSTANT WEARER of slacks, it's difficult for me to comprehend that one of your correspondents should have such a ridiculous idea of why women wear trousers. Surely, as the average woman now has a relative or sweetheart abroad, men do not think she wears slacks to attract males.

No! Slacks are warm, comfortable, and they save our precious stockings. Legs like Eleanor Powell's make not an atom of difference. I'd rather have warmth in slacks any day than an ardent look from a stray male.—MYRA SOFER, 129, Brondesbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

Robbing the Troops

AMERICAN SOLDIERS have been given life sentences in France for stealing goods intended for the troops on the Continent. Travelling from port to London when on leave recently I was forced to listen the whole way to a driver who described how he and his pals were making thousands of francs by selling cigarettes and rations. These things, according to his own statement, were intended for front-line troops. In the Arnhem area I knew exactly what it felt like to be without a cigarette for days. I should be glad to furnish any other information which you would consider helpful, but have not enclosed my unit, etc., for security reasons.—Cpl. R. Richley, 9, Woodpecker Road, New Cross, London, S.E.14.

Plastic Safeguards

WE NEED A STANDARD system whereby all plastics are stamped according to grade or quality. To the man in the street the texture looks much the same and it's not until after an article has been in use that you can tell quality. This "hit-or-miss" method is not good enough with a commodity which in future is likely largely to replace wood or metal in our houses and our daily lives.—MRS. D. FRANKLIN, 130, Rush Green Road, Romford, Essex.

Blankets to Spare

CONSIDERABLE EQUIPMENT must still be stored in rest centres that are not now needed. A village in North Devon is reputed to have sufficient blankets, bedding and kitchen-ware to fit up an hotel. Surely this is the time to transfer some of the stuff to bombed areas.—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

Refused a Permit

I, A DISABLED ex-R.A.F. man and my wife are both power machinists. The Ministry of Supply has refused me a permit to buy cloth and start on my own. I intended paying better wages than we have been paid. We have made soldiers' khaki drill trousers at 1s. each; toddlers' strap-pants at 2½d. a pair; and for very high-class ladies' dresses (selling price, £10), the pay offered is 3s. 6d. —"Fair Deal," Blackpool.

Filling the Churches

A SUGGESTION FOR CONSIDERATION by leaders of religion. Why don't they use their influence to convert the almost empty churches and chapels into hospitals, hostels and convalescent homes for the benefit of the lads broken in battle? The attendance at many of these places of worship is so poor that the authorities would surely be justified in requisitioning the buildings for a really useful and humane purpose. —"Colin Clout," Burnley, Lancs.

"Labour Wants Leaders"

WHY CANNOT THE Labour Party look for leaders instead of mere representatives? Why do they expel men of the quality of Cripps and Pritt? Would men of Stalin's kidney have stayed in our Labour Party?

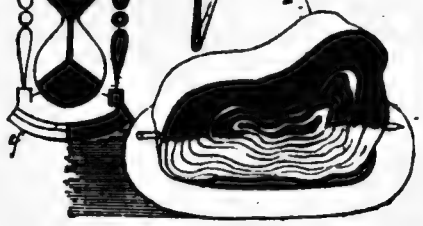
At the moment progressively minded electors can only vote for hide-bound principles, good in themselves, but expressed by weary trades union officials and pushed forward by a narrow-minded Labour caucus.—C. L., Wigan.

Box Rooms, Please

IN THESE DAYS OF bijou houses it is customary to laugh at the Victorian lumber room. So deck-chairs, hot-water bottles, suitcases and the rest of our seasonal possessions jostle one another in odd corners of our otherwise delightful rooms. Can't we have just one extra room in the new house designs and call it by its old-fashioned name—box room? V. M. GREEN, Denmead, Portsmouth.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep your letters brief

Your New Life



ROAST SIRLOIN—THREE MINUTES

RESEARCH WORK now going on may result in the housewife coming home from her shopping at five minutes to one, putting the joint and vegetables into the "oven," laying the table, and producing a fully cooked meal at one o'clock.

This seeming miracle will be another achievement of the new science of electronics.

It will be made possible by ultra-high-frequency radio waves, electronically controlled. The compartments of the electronic oven will not be heated. The waves will generate heat *inside the food itself*.

Every part of the food will be heated to the correct temperature instantaneously. Cooking will be roughly sixty times as fast as at present.

A sirloin of beef which would normally need three hours' roasting will be done in three minutes. Vegetables will be ready in twenty seconds!

H. H.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

A PAPER, WRITING about the United Nations War Crimes Commission, says that "in consequence of the restriction of its powers, the commission has had to confine its investigations into minor war crimes such as a soldier stealing a cow. Mass murder has not been within its province."

JUDGE: I understand that the prisoner, Oberlieutenant Schmidt, is accused of stealing a cow belonging to M. Jean Dubois. Is anything known about the prisoner?

PROSECUTOR: He lined up and machine-gunned eighty-three inhabitants of the village including M. Dubois' wife and three children.

JUDGE: Never mind about that. Are there any witnesses who actually saw him steal the cow?

PROSECUTOR: No. They were shot with the others.

JUDGE: I must ask you to refrain from bringing in irrelevant details. Apparently there is no evidence that

BLACK MARKET CORNER
For Sale, pram, little used,
Bargain - - - £54 . 10 . 3

Oberlieutenant Schmidt stole the cow. Case dismissed.

The War Crimes Commission is going to have a pretty difficult time trying to pin anything on Hitler. I don't suppose he ever stole a cow in his life.

All About It

MY TAME MILITARY Correspondent writes: "If the Germans keep retreating, the salient will grow smaller as they go backwards. If, on the other hand, Rundstedt can punch a bulge between Pomme de Terre and St. Vin Rouge, Montgomery may have to stabilise a strong-point at Chateau Chapeau. Then the bulge may become a dent and the gap a closed shop. Having considered the situation on both the Western and the Eastern fronts, I predict that we cannot expect the end of the war before the termination of hostilities."

Who's Which ?

AN ADVERTISEMENT in a daily paper reads: "IS THIS MAN YOU? A persuasive speaker in public, a cool, calm thinker, never embarrassed, a good loser, a good mixer, making friends without effort?"

Is this man who? Oh, you mean me. No, sir, not me. Must be two other men. I think in a hot, flustered way. I'm often embarrassed, like when I got my trousers caught in the moving staircase. I was a bad loser, too. I lost my trousers. I don't make friends easily—they easily make things out of me.

You must mean that bloke over there. The one with the jutting chin, the glittering eye, the square shoulders, the purposeful stance. What? He's an under-clerk in a Government office, is he? Oh.

Our New-Style Mothers

Only about thirty years ago did the State begin to take an interest in mothers. To-day's mothers are happier and their babies healthier than ever before—and greater things are promised

WON'T GRANDMA ever finish with the local paper? Does she learn the Births, Marriages and Deaths column by heart every night? Mrs. Johnstone has had a baby boy—her fourth. Well, we knew it was on the way, didn't we? And we knew things would go all right. She's been so fit and well.

What does the old lady find so fascinating? I have often wondered. Memories of twenty or thirty years ago come to life, no doubt, in the lines of tiny print. But does Grandma see the real story which the Birth announcements are telling now?

It's a grand story—the story behind Mrs. Johnstone's fitness and the fitness of all the other hundreds of thousands of present-day mothers. It's based, I suppose, on what Grandma would call "new-fangled" ideas.

But those new-fangled ideas mean that nowadays she very, very seldom reads that sad word "still-born."

First Benefits

Let's see why. Thirty-four years ago the State went into partnership with the country's mothers. Then, the words "maternity benefit" sounded new and strange, as David Lloyd George uttered them in fathering the first National Insurance Act and the Medical Panel Service—the first in the world.

Besides the panel doctor's services, insured mothers got "thirty bob" to pay the midwife. They weren't very thrilled. They weren't insurance-conscious or State-conscious, and couldn't imagine that it meant that for the first time mothers were recognised as a benefit class.

To-day's young mothers of twenty-seven were born in the year of the first Maternity and Child Welfare Act. Statutory service for the care of mother and baby is only as old as that.

And the Nation's Doctor, as the Ministry of Health has come to be known, wasn't then born. He came a year later. Incredible to think that his ministerial services, now so much taken for granted, are no more than twenty-six years old.

But under the growing care of the new Ministry, mothers and babies gradually became Priority, as we'd call them in war time. Welfare centres came along, so did ante-natal clinics, post-natal clinics, specialist medical attendants, specially trained health visitors and more skilful midwives.

Till, with the coming of this war, safer motherhood and healthier childhood was swept to the top of the Priority List and the most precious became the most privileged class.

Results? Well, not only better babies, but the lowest-ever mortality rates for still-born babies, those up to a month old, up to a year old, up to ten years old, and among the mothers, too. Compared with the days when the nation began taking a direct interest in mothers and now, fewer than half the infants up to a year old (49 per 1,000 births against 110) are dying to-day, just over half of those up to a month old (24 against 39), and half the mothers (two against four).

Those are drab statistics. If you want more human evidence go into the home of a working-class mother with a month-or-two-old baby. Ask her about the value of that green ration book, R.B.2. Ask her about the extra milk, orange juice and vitamins she could get before her child was born.

Everyone is Helped

Scarceness changed those foods into luxuries. But will mother go on snapping them up when the days of plenty come again? I asked a senior Ministry of Health official who for twenty-eight years has been closely associated with mothers and their welfare.

In answer she gave me the latest annual figures available as evidence of the eager co-operation of modern mothers with the local authorities who administer the welfare services and with the smaller number of voluntary bodies who supplement them.

Mothers took nearly 750,000 children that year to close on 4,000 welfare centres. More than 250,000 mothers, or nearly eight out of every ten, attended just on 2,000 ante-natal clinics. Almost as many, or about seven of every ten, took infants under a year old to around 900 post-natal clinics Every visit was voluntary, a tale in cold figures of enlightened mother love. At their own homes the mothers welcomed health visitors who saw 661,629 of their children under a year old, or 97 of every 100 born. That is an impressive account of what mothers think of a State health service.

War conditions accentuated one problem of the Nation's Doctor—the unmarried mother. He did not shirk it. Her baby is as valuable to the nation as any other, and as it may not enjoy a normal home life, needs all the more care. Every priority and service is available to the unmarried mother and her child.

Special workers, where they can be found, are being trained to give the additional aid and guidance needed. The most helpful psychological approach will be part of the training. The rather smug words "moral care," hitherto associated with the problem, are likely to disappear.

1945's mothers are fortunate in having a Health Minister who himself is the father of four, who was a welfare worker after the last war and lived for some time at an East London social settlement.

To-morrow's future citizen—happy, healthy, sturdy, due to care of his mother as well as himself

Father of Four

Henry Willink, K.C., so jovial they call him "Happy Harry," is happy but not satisfied with the story of achievement in safer motherhood and healthier childhood.

He foresees a still greater public demand for even better results when peace comes, as no one will remain satisfied with halving the mortality among infants in the first year of life and still less with "under-halving" the wastage among those up to a month old.

Here the prematurely borns are the crux of the problem, and Mr. Willink has launched a special attack to save more of them. Instructions have gone out covering every aspect of their care, whether they are born at home or in hospital, one of their special needs being a "relatively humid atmosphere."

That is his first shot. The second will be fired as soon as he receives a report he has asked for from the British Pædiatric Association, a group of specialists interested in infant care.

Parentcraft, the art of bringing up children, is being jointly furthered through the inter-departmental committee of the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Education. Engaged couples' and brides' classes, such as those held by advanced local authorities like Birmingham and Manchester, are another part of the campaign.

And so you see there is a fascinating story in Grandma's favourite reading. Perhaps, after all, she thinks wistfully how different things would have been if the State had been so thorough when she and her friends were young.

OLIVE OLIVIER.

"Let's buy them a book *we* want—then borrow it and forget to return it"

"John Bull" Inquiry Bureau Conducted by "Humanist"

She's Infatuated with a Soldier

A husband finds himself supplanted by another man. Advice for a couple who want to adopt a child. The young man who frets because he is not "handy" about the house

"I AM in great distress because my wife intends to leave me. I found out by accident that she had been very friendly with a soldier, but I forgave her on condition the friendship ceased. She has broken her promise and wants me to divorce her so that she can marry him. She is several years older than he is.

"Judging by conversations we have had, my wife is not sure in her mind about what she really wants, and she admits I have always been good to her. I still care for her and don't want to lose her. Can she get a divorce if I refuse to ask for one?"

The answer is "No." Unless you secure a divorce she will remain your legal wife. If she leaves you, you will not have to support her.

She says you have treated her well and is not certain what she wants. That seems to me to indicate nothing more than an infatuation which she will probably outgrow.

I have had many letters from Servicemen whose wives have let them down during their absence. In nine cases out of ten the supposed infatuation has been due to temporary "midsummer madness." These affairs are passing fancies. If a man is broad-minded enough to understand, he should be big-hearted enough to forgive.

"MY WIFE AND I are both passionately fond of children, but although we have been married ten years we have none. We have decided to adopt one. Can you tell us how to go about it?

"We have heard that Adoption Societies have long waiting lists. It seems very odd, doesn't it, at a time like this?"

A great many couples have adopted children from orphanages or children who have been evacuated on them during the blitz. The procedure must conform with the Adoption Act of 1926.

In your case the adoption will be a joint arrangement to which you both consent. If the Adoption Societies cannot help you, approach a Probation Officer, who will supply you with a form asking for details about yourselves—ages, occupation, etc.

The parents or guardians will have to sign a form renouncing all parental rights. Later, you will have to appear in court—generally a juvenile court—and if everything is satisfactory the Justices' Clerk will send the child's birth certificate to the Registrar-General to be entered in the Register of Adopted Children.

In due course you will receive a Certified Copy of the Order and become the legal parents of the child.

"I AM TWENTY-EIGHT years of age, married, with two children who represent almost my whole life. The son of working-class parents, I left school at fourteen.

"I did pretty well there. I was always top of the class in arithmetic, for example, but I was sadly lacking in practical subjects like handicraft, metal-work, etc. I am like that still: I am the opposite of what one would call a 'handyman.'

"This failure is destroying my confidence. Can I train myself to be different?"

I really don't see why you should lose self-confidence because you are not "handy" with your fingers. Thousands of brilliant men are total failures at the simple practical things which thousands of others do almost by instinct.

I can't help wondering whether your wife ridicules you because you are useless in the house? A great many women prefer a husband who is "handy" to one who has brains of the other sort.

If you really want to make yourself useful you had better join a technical college or even a "make-do-and-mend" class. But stop thinking you are a "dud" because your abilities are intellectual!

Discharge from Work

S. R., Watford: If your son's employment is scheduled under the Essential Work Order, he can be discharged without notice only on the grounds of misconduct. In this event there is a right of appeal to the National Service Officer at the local employment exchange.

J. N., Glasgow: It is usual to allow for the annual value of a house when coding the owner-occupier under the P.A.Y.E. scheme. In this way, any tax deducted from his earnings covers his liability under Schedule "A." An exception to this will arise, however, when the house is subject to a ground rent or mortgage interest from which tax has been deducted by the owner—and must be accounted for at the full rate of 1s. in the £. It is usual to issue a separate demand note for this payable January 1.

T. B., Birmingham: The Radio and Television Retailers' Association (Secretary, Mr. H. A. Curtis), 18, Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, has just started a bureau for advising ex-Servicemen wishing to enter the trade. If you find premises where there is a definite need on the part of the public for a radio shop, you will very probably get a licence from the Board of Trade. At present, radio electrical goods are very scarce and a new man finds it difficult to get supplies. You would have to rely at first on repairs. Once you have definitely decided to enter the trade, a paper such as "Electrical Trading and Radio Marketing" would advise you.

J. T., Woking: Your holding of the Third Issue of National Savings Certificates should be retained. Interest will continue to be added to the principal until the Government decides to withdraw them.

A. B., Leicester: A married woman under fifty years of age whose husband is at home can be directed into full time or part-time employment. Domestic circumstances determine for which she is deemed to be available. There is a right of appeal to the local Appeal Board against directions to employment.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

First Attempt won Her "Bullets" First!

SOME readers imagine that only after weeks, months, or even years of entering can they win a big *Bullets* prize. They should remember what happened in Competition No. 1,419, when First Prize was won with this first attempt by Miss M. T. Chard, 118, Wynchgate, Winchmore Hill, N.21: Our Children — Waiting — Open "Door," Butler!

Read the clear instructions and a few simple words on your coupon below may well win you that £100-plus-Radio First.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £300 | **FIRST PRIZE £100 plus £25 RADIO**
£20 plus RADIO, £10 plus RADIO, 10 of £5
10 of £2.10, 20 of £1, 100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 NEW PRIZES

LAST DAY TO POST FOR PRIZES ABOVE—MON., FEB. 5

CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,463.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

For FEB. 17 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

HOW TO WIN

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's First Prize.

What kind of "Bullet" is likely to win for you? There are hundreds of prize-winning styles, and you can see some of them in the adjoining list of this week's chief winners.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

AT GERMANY'S BACK-DOOR
LAND OF THE FREE
SECURITY SILENCE
FAR FROM CIVILISATION
PRECIOUS LIVES
VOICE OF THE FUEHRER
HUMBUG
TOO OPTIMISTIC
INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE
WHAT THEY'RE DOING
FIRST STOP
TRADE RIVALRY
HE'S A TRIER, SO
UPSET FIDO
COMING TO STAY
ONLY A SUBSTITUTE
STOPPED THE LEAK
KEEPS GRANDPA WARM
HITTING BACK
TO STOP BABY CRYING

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

PRICE OF .....
BEFORE YOU .....
RIGHT AND .....
RISKED A .....
LANDED IN .....
ON THE ..... LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,463, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£100 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,459

Miss D. Goodfellow, 99, Lansdowne Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex.

YOUTH OF TO-DAY

"SHINES"—TO-SORROW, THE "RUB"?

£20: Lieut. A. A. Pickard, Somewhere-in-Britain.
If Germany Had Won—No Throne—No Soap-box.

£10: L.A.C. F. Emery, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Knows All The Answers—Except "Yes," Pensions Officer!

£5: A. Simpson, 65, Hazelwood Road, Hyson Green, Nottingham.
No More Dancing—Hitler, Unless In Mid-air!

£4: W. Whitaker, 65, Conway Road, Ormpark, Treorchy, Glam.
Youth Of To-day—Bishops Deplored—Prince Retol.

£3: N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
One Of Our Weaknesses—"Weakening" Wa
We're Strong.

4 Prizes of £2:

N. J. Ashby, "Kimberley," Winchester.
One Of Our Difficulties—Cheering. "Yellow"—That's Courage!

J. Butt, 47, Leigh Road, Westbury, Wilts.
Dust In Our Eyes—Cut Short Sonny's Spanking!

S. Hodgson, 13, Derbyshire Cres., Stretford, Manchester.
Thrown Overboard—Charter, Unless "Storm" Blo

S. J. Butler, 247, Dickson Road, Blackpool.
Every Year—Adds To Grandpa's "Battles"!

A list of 20 winners of 30s., 20 of 25s., and 50 of £1, can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been paid.

"Bullets" Pointers—No. 7

Many competitors will miss their copy of *Bullets Bulletin* this week-end—simply because they omitted to enclose as directed a 1d. stamped addressed envelope or label with their entry. Don't forget to qualify for *Bulletin* when you enter this week.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit. Skill, test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupon must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Feb. 8, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Now that black-out rules are altered, many curtains will be—WAS□ED. 2. Sensible father gives sonny this—□EAD. 3. Police are occasionally led up the garden by—TR□CK. 4. These on road now and again give motorist nasty jolt—L□MPS. 5. Apt to be starchy—RIC□. 6. To do this to excess exposes a man to danger—□OPE. 7. You may suffer if you constantly make yours too soon—B□D. 8. Ringing one will probably command more attention—□ELL. 9. Unauthorised person opening this may lead to leakage—MAI□. 10. In certain places, is used for draught—□AN. 11. One frequently drops on pages—B□OTS. 12. Working this is a strain on the eyes—LA□E. 13. Wise bookseller encourages customers to get this into his books—□EEP. 14. Britishers listen patiently to politician's speech, even if—TRI□E.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated February 17, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, February 5.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 415, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN XWORD 411

WINNING WORDS: 1. TOPIC. 2. FOAL. 3. SHOP. 4. WELL. 5. PRIDE. 6. MOVE. 7. CHOKER. 8. HALL. 9. SHY. 10. WAIF. 11. YARD. 12. STOP. 13. TREE. 14. WOODS.

250 SHARERS: Sgt. L. F. Clark, Somewhere-in-Britain; J. Lindsay, Childwall. 35 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Make Wright's
he 'rule' for the
oilet and Nursery.
Kind to the
tenderest skin.

WRIGHTS

OAL TAR
SOAP
NE TABLET
E COUPON

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Don't pay too much!

Thousands of ordinary letters with a 2½d. stamp are handled every day by the Army Post Office. These are *overpaid*! Letters for the British Liberation Army are flown across the Channel and need only a 1½d. stamp.

What do I do...?

If my letters do not weigh more than 1 oz. I use a 1½d. stamp only. To ensure prompt delivery, I address all letters clearly and fully, not forgetting the addressee's number, rank and unit. I put my own name and address on the back of the envelope.

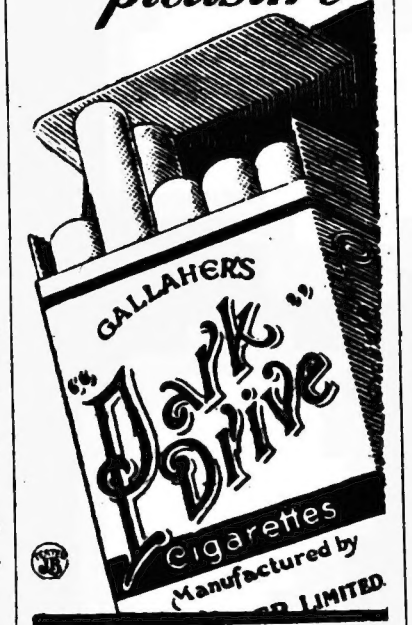
I remember there is NO air letter or airgraph service to the B.L.A.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure



How spectacles are made.
How electric Lamps are shaped.
How rayon frocks are made from trees.
How watches and cigarettes are made.
EVERYDAY THINGS and THEIR STORY

...the Book that explains Hundreds of Mysteries

HOW is wood turned into rayon frocks and stockings? How are plastics made from disinfectant? Why is gas "washed" and "scrubbed"? How are tinned peas kept green? Here in this book—"EVERYDAY THINGS AND THEIR STORY"—the mystery behind hundreds of familiar everyday things is told.

In 256 pages, more than 60,000 words and over 200 illustrations, are the answers to scores and scores of puzzles.

Have you ever wondered how food is cooked and tinned? How your spectacles are made? How unbreakable glass is made? How needles get their eyes? How sound is recorded? How stamps are made? How man-made daylight is manufactured? Do you know that stockings can be made from syrup, paint from cotton, fabric from milk, and varnish from coal?

These are only a few of the wonder marvels revealed to you in this remarkable work.

"John Bull" offers you one further opportunity to get this book. Supplies are limited. Post Order-Label below AT ONCE.

STANDARD EDITION, bound in pale blue book-cloth, printed design on cover and title on spine. Send only 5s. 3d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION, bound in rich Scarlet Morocco-grained Leathercloth, design embossed on cover, title in real Gold. Send only 6s. 3d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in Order-Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal Order for correct amount to: Odhams Press Ltd., "Everyday Things and Their Story," Book Dept., S.H.1, Kings Langley, Herts. All applications must be received by not later than February 7. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. *If from N. Ireland or Eire country MUST be stated on label.*

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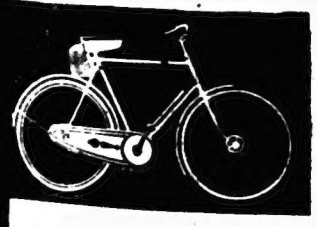
the best

TAKES ENGINEERS
D WIN THE WAR—
HAT'S WHY SUNBEAM
CYCLES ARE SCARCE!

e same hands that have been ioning Britain's war weapons with h devotion and skill will soon making Sunbeam Bicycles again. hen that time comes all the accu- lated craftsmanship that served the ion so well, will once more go into finest bicycle skilled craftsmen r made. But you'll be lucky to get unbeam now. The All-Black war- e model (with the little oil bath ssing") costs £9.12.1. including . Put your name on your dealer's iting list.



e Sunbeam Post-war Motor Cycle something which thousands of riders are eagerly anticipating. will be well worth waiting for!

ONESTLY—
A BETTER BICYCLE

SUNBEAM

NBEAM CYCLES LTD., BIRMINGHAM 11

Famel

CONQUERS *coughs*

FAMEL SYRUP
(BRAND)

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex

Could not sleep although tired out

"I think it only right to tell you my opinion of Phosferine, it has done me so much good. I was very run down and could not sleep although tired out. I had indigestion so badly I was afraid to eat anything. I got a 3/3d size of Phosferine and after the second day my indigestion went and has never returned. I feel fresh all day, although I was always tired before."

(*Signed*) Mrs. C. L. London, N.W.3

Restful, untroubled sleep and a strong digestion—the two props of a healthy life, but how many people find that they are denied them! The above testimonial proves that Phosferine can bring new hope to such people and help them to regain vigorous health.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(*Including Purchase Tax*)
2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE

So Soft . . . So Safe
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SENTINEL
ALL COTTON WOOL
HYGIENIC TOWELS
In four sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 (maternity)
Also soluble with loops.
From all chemists, drapers and stores.
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GRE-SOLVENT

THE ORIGINAL CLEANER

Keeps

HANDS and HOME
FREE OF GREASE
AND GERM LADEN
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Saves Labour and Time

POWDER in Drums - 7d.
PASTE in Tins - - 8d.

NO COUPONS

SOLD SINCE 1903

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6

Your Murphy Dealer will see you through

We don't advise you to tinker with a faulty set or to let anyone else do so. But if you can tell your dealer the exact 'symptoms' you save time and trouble and money. Our little book "Keep it Going" (price 6d. from your Murphy Dealer) should help you. If you can take your set to his shop, you help still more. If you'll help us, we'll help you, and 'we,' means your Murphy Dealer with Murphy Radio to back him. Please don't send sets direct to us. If you can't find a Murphy Dealer drop us a card and we'll see you are looked after properly.

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

C.R.C. 168

WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW 'BEHIND' THEM

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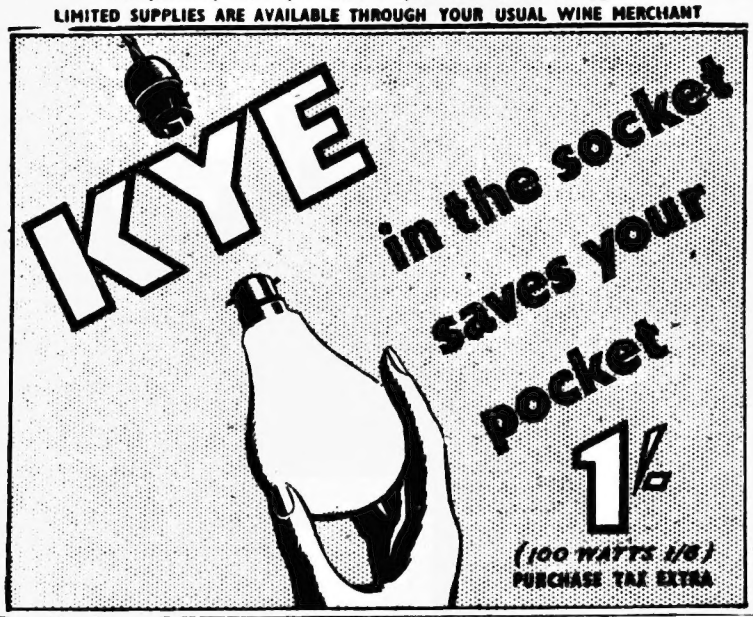

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Which is the shaving stick that lathers up like lightning?

that's Easy

Which is the shaving stick whose lather lets your blade off lightly?

that's Easy

Which is the shaving stick that gives you 100 shaves per stick?

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THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

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Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield

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Player's Please

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That's why, when he comes back his new radio will have to be a real engineering job.

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